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QUAKERS AID IN RECONSTRUCTION

Much is being said nowadays about "reconstruction." But what the word means in its most literal sense is best shown by the work that has been done in France for the past four years by the English and American Quakers. These men and women have been relieving the sufferings of civilians in the war zone by practical, social, medical, and agricultural service. In the devastated areas they have built temporary houses for the returning refugees; they have established hospitals and district nurses; they have supplied seed and small live stock for the landowners; and have repaired and operated farm machinery for whole villages. They have found besides a great variety of other welfare tasks both temporary and permanent.

The coming of peace did not find them unprepared. Already American Friends are at work in two sectors of France that were wrested from the invaders by American soldiers in the last weeks of the war. By November 1 a dozen of them were busy at Chatillon, near Château Thierry, repairing houses for the fast-returning owners and threshing wheat with the assistance of twenty-four German prisoners that were loaned to them. Near Verdun a more extensive operation is begun. Last summer the *Sous-Préfet* asked the Friends to undertake reconstruction in forty-four communes still in the hands of the enemy. A careful census of the natives of these villages scattered throughout France was made, amounting to about three thousand families in all. For these homes will be built and furniture and seed supplied. Hospitals will be equipped and staffed. Throughout the whole area trenches will be filled and the land prepared for cultivation. Already doctors, nurses, and repairers of agricultural machinery are at work in this district. Other workers and the refugees merely await the withdrawal of American troops to take possession.

This pioneer work of the Quakers has given them an experience that should be of great value in the expanded opportunities for the reconstruction that will follow the war. Throughout its service in France the civilian department of the American Red Cross has leaned heavily upon the Friends both for suggestions of method and for personnel.

Most of the work, even the most menial, the Friends have done with their own hands. Thus they have secured a first-hand knowledge of the needs and, what is more important, an intimate contact with the people. They are in a position as no other group of Americans in France to show personally our sympathy with our French allies.

Their work has a further significance. It is volunteer work—unpaid. Many of the men were already in France months before English and American conscription laws brought their countrymen to the trenches, and many of them will "see it through" long after the armies return. Thus their work expresses by words rather than by deeds the willingness for service of many who for religious reasons could not engage in war. For them conscientious objection was not a mere negation, but part of a positive programme of constructive international good will.

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There is now a way to combat that film—a way proved and approved by many high authorities. It is easily used and as pleasant as any other tooth paste, but it does what nothing else can do.

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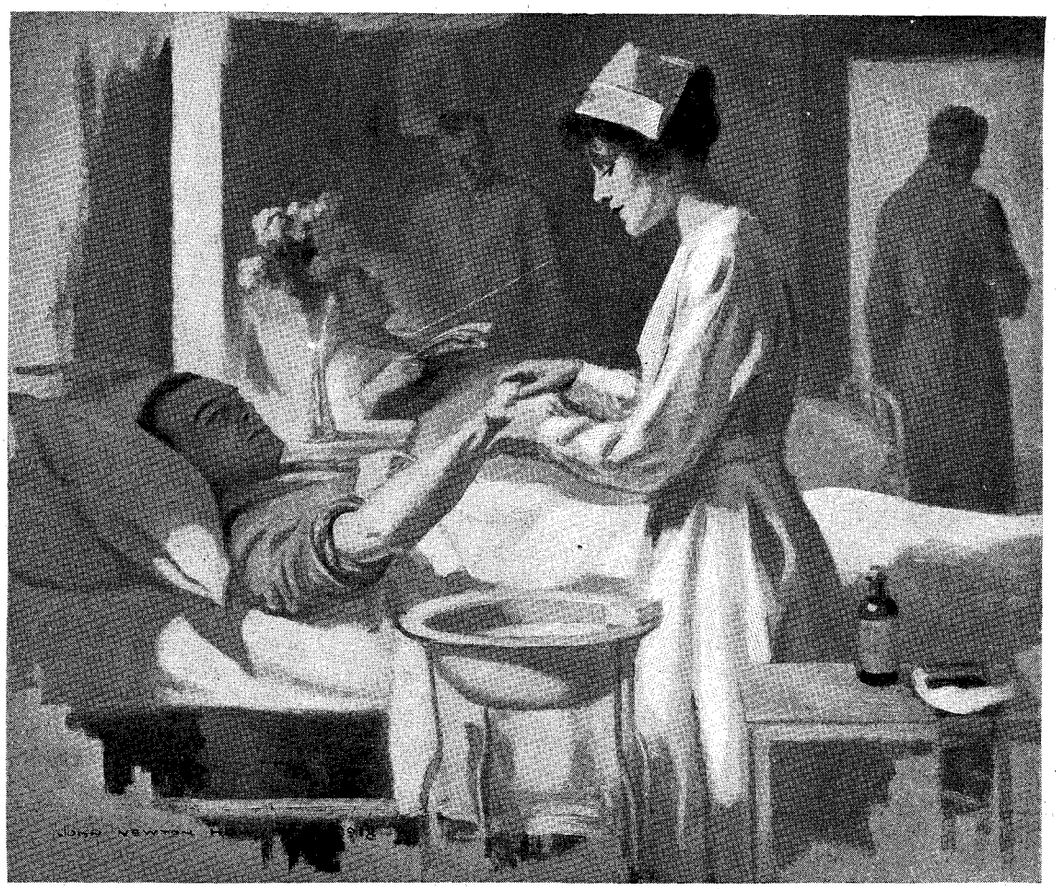

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The Outlook

JANUARY 22, 1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S FUNERAL: AN IMPRESSION

IF Theodore Roosevelt could be asked what phase of his many-sided life seems to him the most important and fills him with the most satisfaction, we are sure that he would say instantly that he wishes to be remembered most as the founder and head of a family. It was therefore peculiarly suitable that his funeral should have been that of a husband and a father rather than that of a statesman and a military hero.

The services at the little Episcopal church in Oyster Bay, on Wednesday, January 8, were simple, unpretentious, and genuine; but they were profoundly impressive; there was no pomp, no ceremony. Four or five hundred of his personal friends gathered in the little edifice where he was wont to worship. His son, Captain Archie Roosevelt, in his uniform and with his arm and hand still bound in the splint which is aiding to cure the serious wound he received in France, and his nephew, Theodore Douglas Robinson, met the friends as they entered and aided in showing them to seats. In accordance with the liturgy of the Episcopal Church, the coffin, draped in an American flag, was borne up the aisle preceded by the rector, Dr. Talmage, and followed by the immediate members of the family and of the household. The ceremony consisted simply of the reading of the burial service. There was no music. But the rector read as a part of the service what is believed to be one of Mr. Roosevelt's favorite hymns, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord." There was no eulogy, no address. But at the close of the service the rector stepped forward to the head of the casket, and, instead of pronouncing in the usual words the beautiful benediction which will be found at the end of the Penitential Office for Ash Wednesday, repeated it as follows:

> Theodore, the Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

After the brief service in the church Theodore Roosevelt's friends and neighbors followed his body to the cemetery, where it now lies. It is a village burial-ground on a hillside, informal but neatly kept, and adorned with the native trees of which Theodore Roosevelt was so fond. His grave lies at the top of the hill, from which there is a charming view of the waters of Long Island Sound and of the rolling and wooded landscape which makes Oyster Bay a particularly beautiful spot.

There was the deepest solemnity during these last rites and these tributes to the great friend, but there was no grief. There never was grief in the presence of Theodore Roosevelt, and now that his body is gone there could not be in the presence of his spirit. Many of those who were privileged to stand on the hilltop where his body lies must have thought, as they came down the slope to take up again their daily tasks, of the requiem and epitaph by Robert Louis Stevenson:

> "Under the wide and starry sky
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live, and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> 'Here he lies, where he longed to be;
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.'"

A MANY-SIDED MAN

No report is possible of the great host of mourners in every part of the United States and in every civilized country who united unseen in these simple funeral services. No eulogy was pronounced at the grave, but eulogies were pronounced by political friends and former political opponents in brief and often telegraphic or cable despatches, all the more eloquent because of their brevity and spontaneity. Hundreds of these testimonies never were made public. From scores of them that were published and from a smaller number cabled to us by our editorial correspondent in France we select the following, which give a consistent portrait of the many-sided man as seen by his contemporaries from different points of view:

President Wilson: The United States has lost one of its most distinguished and patriotic citizens, who had endeared himself to the people by his strenuous devotion to their interests and to the public interests of his country. . . . His private life was characterized by a simplicity, a virtue, and an affection worthy of all admiration and emulation by the people of America.

Henry L. Stimson: Not many years since, when occasion arose, it was widely asserted that the private morals of a public man were nobody's affair but his own. To-day it may be safely claimed that there are few, if any, constituencies in the length and breadth of the land with which a charge of flagrant immorality would not at once destroy a candidate's chance of election to office. More than to any other man, I believe, this is due to Theodore Roosevelt. From the beginning of his public career, in season and out of season, he insisted on common morality as the prime duty of all, both in public and in private.

Ex-President Taft: We have lost a great patriotic American, a great world figure, the most commanding personality in our public life since Lincoln. I mourn his going as a personal loss.

Colonel E. M. House: He was the one virile and courageous leader of his generation and will live in history as one of our greatest Presidents.

The Earl of Reading, British Ambassador to the United States: From the time of his entry into political life as a mere lad until his last days his keynote was "Courage." He was a sworn enemy of flabby and invertebrate opinions. His whole career was an example of the success that can be achieved by strength of character and continued effort.

Rudyard Kipling: It is as though Bunyan's Mr. Greatheart had died in the midst of his pilgrimage, for he was the greatest proved American of our generation.

Marcellin in "La Liberté:" Mr. Roosevelt would have liked the United States to enter into the war as early as 1914. If his advice had been followed, long ago peace would have been restored and millions of human lives would have been saved. Even to have determined to intervene at the very outset would have been worth a good deal. If his advice had been followed, peace and humanity would have won the day and Roosevelt would once more have deserved the Nobel Prize.

Louis Chevreuse in "Le Figaro:" Death surprised in his sleep this great fighter. What grief this death must arouse among the American soldiers who came to battle on our soil and also among the French people who loved that figure standing out in high relief, that character about whom stories clustered, who moved in a large sphere, who spoke forcefully, who thought soundly! "Teddy" corresponded exactly with the idea we usually have of the typical American—powerful in business, ruler of mobs, of wolves, of bears, and of Boches.

Ruler of mobs, lover of peace, a modern Greatheart, sworn enemy of invertebrate opinions, courageous leader of men, a commanding personality, enforcing by word and deed common morality as the prime duty of all, worthy of all admiration and emulation by the people of

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America—such is the eulogy which these separate and independent representatives of three great nations pronounced on Theodore Roosevelt.

A LAST MESSAGE

The last message of Theodore Roosevelt to the American people is contained in an editorial which he prepared for the Kansas City "Star" and which appeared in that journal on January 13. This editorial was dictated on Friday, January 3, and Mr. Roosevelt's secretary expected to take the copy to him for correction on the following Monday. Instead she was notified early that morning of his death.

His article deals with the question of a League of Nations. Criticising Mr. Wilson's utterances because they are too vague and indefinite to afford a basis for action and because they leave undetermined such questions as whether we shall admit Russia, Germany, Turkey, China, and Mexico into the League on a full equality with ourselves, he declares his hearty agreement in principle with the purposes of the League as recently defined by ex-President Taft and his belief that without doubt agreement on specific details can be reached. He then says:

> Would it not be well to begin with the league which we actually have in existence? The league of the Allies who have fought through this great war? Let us at the peace table see that real justice is done as among these Allies, and that while the sternest reparation is demanded from our foes for such horrors as those committed in Belgium, northern France, Armenia, and the sinking of the Lusitania, nothing should be done in the spirit of mere vengeance.
>
> Then let us agree to extend the privileges of the league as rapidly as their conduct warrants it to other nations. Doubtless discriminating between those who would have a guiding part in the league and the weak nations who would be entitled to the privileges of membership, but who would not be entitled to a guiding voice in the councils.

He insists that each nation must clearly define what questions it will submit to the decision of such a League and that America must do nothing that will interfere with preparing for its own defense through a system of universal obligatory military training modeled on the Swiss plan; and also that necessary guards must be taken to prevent international meddlesomeness or any obligation upon the American people to engage in overseas war unless for a very great cause and where the issue is absolutely plain.

The Outlook believes that this last message of Mr. Roosevelt to the American people will carry great weight, not only in America, but in England, France, and Italy, in support of a rational League to be developed out of the league which already exists and which has so successfully fought for justice, liberty, and the maintenance of international law.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S TRIBUTE TO GREAT BRITAIN

Through the courtesy of Mr. Albert E. Gallatin, of New York City, we are able to give our readers the following tribute from Theodore Roosevelt to Great Britain's steadfast effort against German world domination. It was written in response to an invitation to Mr. Roosevelt to take part in a meeting to commemorate the fourth anniversary of Great Britain's entry into the war:

> Dark Harbor, Maine,
> July 28, 1918.
>
> *Dear Mr. Gallatin:*
>
> I will gladly be a patron for the celebration; and I desire through you to say to those present at the meeting that in all the great history of the British Empire there have been no other four years of such mighty effort, of such triumphant service and sacrifice for an ideal of transcendent importance, as the four years since Great Britain, to her eternal glory, entered the lists against that embodiment of brutal, treacherous, and utterly unscrupulous violence, the modern German Empire.
>
> Faithfully yours,
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

There is special pertinence in reproducing this letter just now, as a letter from Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Rider Haggard, published since Mr. Roosevelt's death, contains a whimsical and playfully exaggerated expression which, taken by itself and without regard to the circumstances, might convey to some minds a totally misleading idea of Mr. Roosevelt's feeling towards Englishmen.

IN HONOR OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A commendable plan for memorial services has been proposed by a committee of friends of Mr. Roosevelt. It is that all memorial services in his honor be held simultaneously on one day. The date fixed is February 9. This is the best day for that purpose because on that date a joint Congressional Memorial Service will take place in the House of Representatives. Senator Lodge, Mr. Roosevelt's close personal friend for many years, will deliver the principal address. The members of the United States Supreme Court and other distinguished persons will be present.

The request for a single memorial day is signed by ex-President Taft, Cardinal Gibbons, Secretary Lane, Senator Lodge, Judge Hughes, and other men of National prominence. It is addressed to the Governors of all the States and asks them to help carry out the idea. We fully indorse the plan as wise and desirable.

A NOTABLE SOLDIER

In 1917, at a meeting at the Harvard Club, New York City, Major-General James Franklin Bell outlined the ideals which he believed should be held before the American soldier. When he had finished speaking, Theodore Roosevelt pointed out that General Bell himself represented the best type of an American "officer and gentleman." In proof, Mr. Roosevelt said that on three occasions in the Philippines General Bell had been attacked by armed natives who sought his life, that the General was armed, but that in each instance, instead of killing the men who attacked him, he disarmed them at the risk of his life and took them prisoners. Such was the "officer and gentleman" who, in face of vital peril, did not hesitate to give an enemy all the mercy possible.

General Bell died at the age of sixty-three on January 8; he was a Kentuckian and a West Point graduate. Through many campaigns on the Western plains and in the Philippines he made a great name for himself. Congress awarded him its Medal of Honor, and his promotion was rapid. He rose to the rank of brigadier-general in an extraordinarily short time. In 1906, in the Roosevelt Administration, he became Chief of Staff, holding this assignment until 1910, when he was succeeded by Leonard Wood. He then went again to the Philippines in chief command. In 1914 he returned to this country and took up the command first of the Western, and then of the Eastern Department. Finally, he was made head of the great new Camp Upton, at Yaphank, Long Island. There his work, not only of soldier-making, but of American-making, was monumental, as all will testify who saw the lads of many sorts and sizes, colors and races, and physical and moral qualifications march down Fifth Avenue, in the metropolis, on their way to Camp Upton, and then, several months later, saw that body of soldiers, transformed in body and spirit, again march down the avenue. Never was there a finer example of what a man could do with a melting-pot.

THE RUSSIAN QUESTION TO THE FRONT

It is reported in despatches from Paris that there is a strong probability that the Peace Conference will put the question of Russia ahead of everything else. Whether this proves true or not, it is certain that there is no time to be lost by the Allied nations in deciding what they want to do and what they mean to do, singly and collectively, to put Russia on its feet.

The sensation of last week was a despatch from Paris stating that a Socialist

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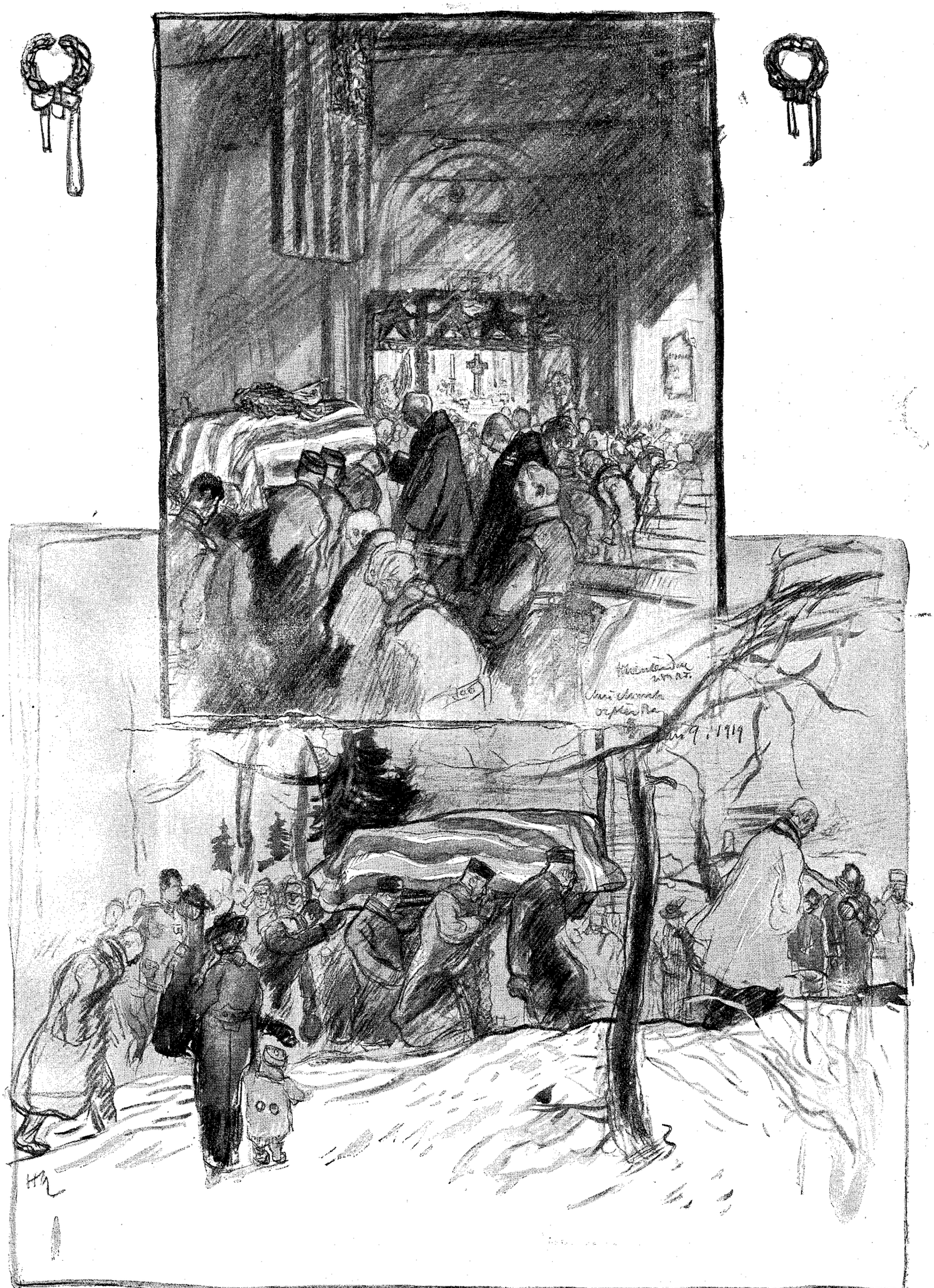

THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT OYSTER BAY

Sketched from life by Lieutenant Henry Reuterdahl, U. S. N. R. F.

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paper had printed a reply by M. Pichon, the French Minister of War, to a proposal by the British Government that the Bolshevik leaders should be invited to send delegates to the Peace Conference if they would consent to cease fighting on all fronts while the Conference was in progress. At first this despatch was received with incredulity. But the text of M. Pichon's statement has since been published in full. The summary given above is not accurate. What M. Pichon comments upon is described by him as a British proposal, sent out on January 5, 1919, to the four largest Allied Powers. It suggested that all the governments, or so-called governments, in Russia, should receive such an invitation. This would include those represented by Lenine at Moscow, General Kolchak at Umsk, General Denikine at Ekaterinburg, and Nicholas Tschaikovsky, the old-fashioned anti-Bolshevik revolutionist, at Archangel.

This is a very different matter, for, if all the factions in Russia are to be represented on an equal basis at Paris, it is possible that out of the apparent chaos there might evolve some plan for allowing the entire nation of Russia to speak for itself through representatives chosen fairly and in an orderly way by all the people.

But M. Pichon balked at having anything to do with the dastardly assassins of Moscow. "The French Government," said he, "will make no contract with crime;" and he added: "The criminal régime of the Bolsheviki, which does not represent in any degree that of a democratic government or furnish any possibility whatever of developing into a government, since it is supported solely by the lowest passions of anarchical oppression, in negation of all the principles of public and private right, cannot claim to be recognized as a regular government."

With this may be compared an American expression of disapproval of the British proposal, which is said to have emanated from Lloyd George. The New York "Times" says of this proposal: "It is not merely amazing, it is inexplicable, dumfounding." It adds: "This overture of the British Prime Minister must give direct and powerful encouragement, not only to the madmen who are cutting the throats of their fellow-Russians, robbing their neighbors, plundering banks, destroying all industries, and killing American and Allied soldiers, but to their sympathizers and their abetters all over the world."

It is impossible to believe that Great Britain is advocating anything which would justify this heated language from French and American sources. An article by Lord Northcliffe gives the impression that the real British purpose is to arrange for an Allied Commission to go into Russia, find out the real state of affairs, and propose a remedy. He suggests that it might be well for the Allies to "sink their pride for the moment and deal with the Bolsheviki to this extent." Incidentally, Lord Northcliffe's article shows that the demand for immediate demobilization of soldiers is very strong in England and that the idea of a Russian campaign is exceedingly unpopular.

If Russia is much longer left to work out its own salvation, there will be no Russia to save. The danger to the world from anarchy in Russia now and from German influence in Russia in the future is one impossible of exaggeration.

REVOLUTIONISTS FIGHT SOCIALISTS

The week ending January 14 saw fierce fighting in the streets of Berlin and revolutionary disturbances elsewhere in Germany. The accounts up to that date indicated the success of the government headed by Ebert in suppressing the followers of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, the leaders of the Spartacan, or Red, revolutionists. The losses of the latter are placed in the despatches as high as 1,300. More than once there have been reports that Liebknecht had been killed or captured, but neither report has been confirmed. The triumph of the Ebert faction was attained by hurrying into Berlin several thousand soldiers who are loyal to the committee which has assumed governmental powers.

It is one of the points urged against the Spartacans that they are obstructing the elections for a National Assembly. They retort that a National Assembly chosen under the auspices of the Majority Socialists, who supported the Imperial Government in every war issue, would represent, not democracy, but the old order of things, minus the Kaiser. It is also urged against the Spartacans that they are affiliating with the Russian Bolsheviki, and there seems to be truth in this and in the assertion that they are more interested in a class war against the capitalists than in a struggle for democracy.

Beyond question order must be restored in Germany. But the German people and the present self-constituted German Government must experience a great change of purpose and conscience before we can hope for much from them. There must be a government having a mandate from a National Assembly. This is more than likely to be unsatisfactory from the view-point of the downfall of autocracy and the rise of an honest democracy. It may, however, lead to such open discussion and political regeneration as one hopes for but does not yet find even in remote sight in Germany.

AN EMBRYO BALKAN LEAGUE

Already, according to the Foreign Minister of Greece, Mr. Polites, an informal but promising beginning for a League of Balkan States has been made; Greece, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia (the last hardly a Balkan state) propose to co-operate in an effort to safeguard Balkan interests against Teutonic and Bulgarian plotting. Most emphatically Bulgaria is not to be invited to join this new Balkan Confederation. Mr. Polites is quoted as saying: "The Confederation's position toward Bulgaria is the same as President Wilson's attitude toward Germany. A place awaits Bulgaria within the Confederation when she shows her repentance and fitness for it."

This is an admirable statement of the attitude the Allies should take toward any attempt by Germany or her servile accomplice countries to claim place in any league of honest nations. Not only restitution and reparation, but a reversion of purpose and will on the part of the German peoples, a heartfelt renunciation of lawless ambition and barbarous conduct, must precede even the thought of such a thing.

AN INDUSTRIAL WAR ON THE PUBLIC

In every strike which affects public utilities there are three parties. All three suffer injury, but the most immediate suffering comes upon that innocent third party, the public. Yet it may not be quite right to call the public innocent, because it is the fault of the people of the country that such strikes are not made impossible.

In dealing, or rather, not dealing, with this matter the people simply neglect to urge into proper action Congress and the Legislatures of the States. They seem to go on the principle of the lazy man who would not mend the leak in his roof in fine weather because it didn't bother him then, nor in stormy weather because he hoped it would clear up soon.

Two things are needed to make such discomfort, annoyance, and danger as the traveling public around New York endured in the harbor strike impossible. One is a law forbidding under penalties employees of industries from engaging in strikes affecting the health, comfort, and freedom of action of citizens. But if such a law is enacted, as it should be, it is a necessary and obvious corollary that another law should not only provide a just method of arbitration and conciliation for such disputes, but should make it compulsory. Nearly all impartial students

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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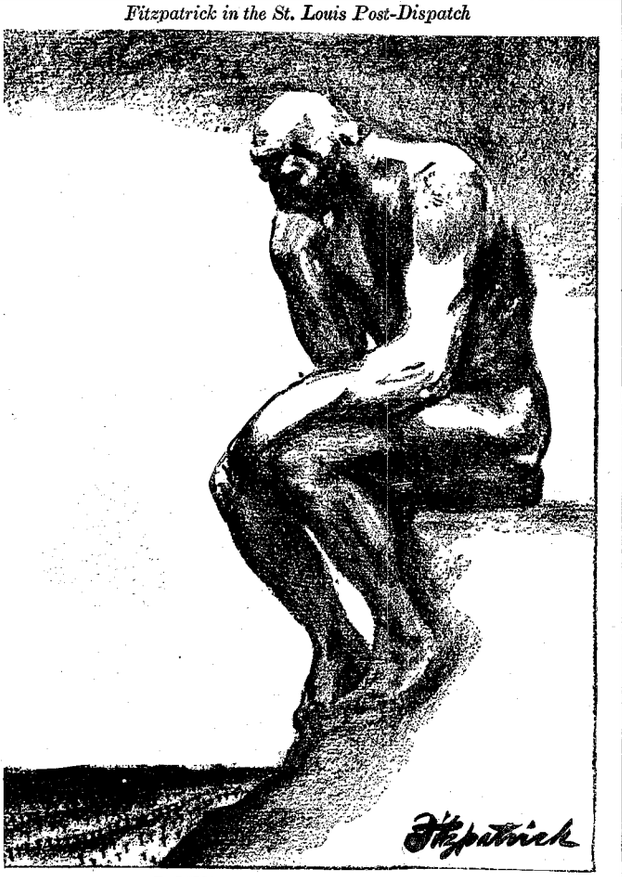
KEEP OUT!

THE DANGEROUS DELEGATE

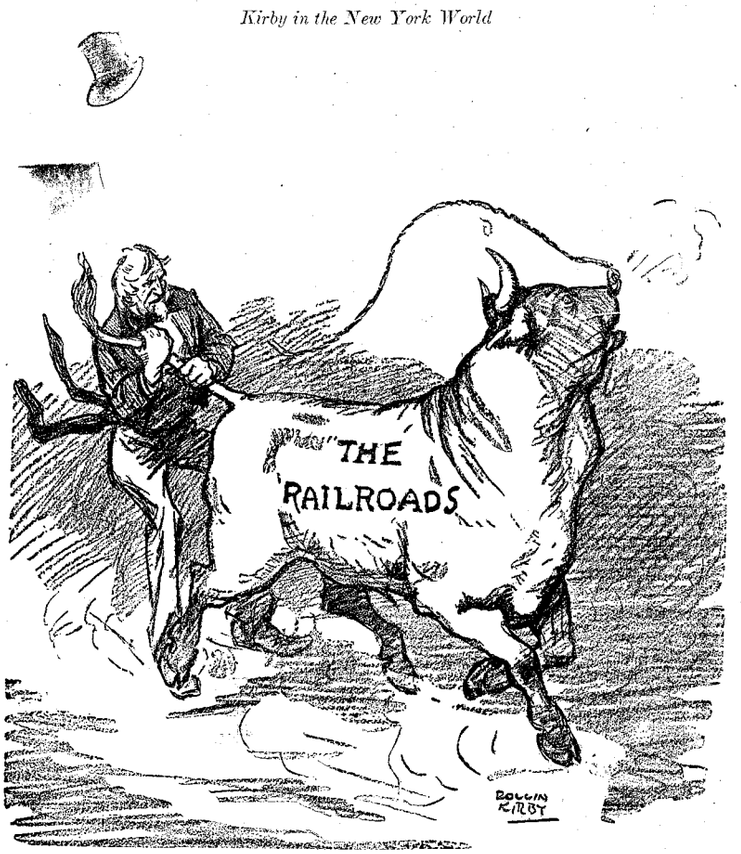
Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



"IT MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN"

The cartoonist depicts Rodin's famous "Thinker" viewing the devastation of war and resolving that its repetition must be made impossible

Kirby in the New York World



HOW IS HE GOING TO LET GO?

UNCLE SAM'S PREDICAMENT

From Esquella (Barcelona)

The Worker to Peace: "As you have big wings, please fly up and up and up until you come to provision prices and bring them down within reach"

Newbould in the Passing Show (London)

"Waiter, you might just ask the gentleman who's helping me to read my paper if he's *quite* ready for me to turn over!"

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of industrial problems agree as to this, but it seems impossible to get the plan on the statute-books.

There is a Conciliation Board under Federal law, but it does not afford a complete and sure remedy. The War Labor Board has special jurisdiction as a war measure over many industrial disputes; but, as shown in this instance, it cannot always prevent an almost unendurable attack on the rights of the public to travel, to have its food supply brought to its great cities, and to have its business free from interruption while employers and employees quarrel.

In this case a peculiar situation existed because, in a way, the Government was, through its Railway Administration, theoretically one of the employers, and New York City was also an employer because some of the boats were municipally owned. Some of the employees of the public-owned boats made trouble, but they did it unlawfully and could have been prosecuted if they had continued their lawlessness. It was the representatives of the privately owned boats who refused to accept the direct request of President Wilson to all parties to submit the matter anew to the War Labor Board. The unions of the employees immediately cabled their full assent to the President's request, and the men at once resumed work, the representatives of the publicly owned boats agreed, and of its clear rights the War Labor Board took the matter up under its own initiative, leaving the private owners to appear or not appear as they chose.

The counsel of the private boat-owners resented the statement of the War Labor Board previous to the strike that these owners had "constantly violated" previous awards and that they had "refused to submit to any form of arbitration offered to them with reference to the demands of the men."

We have no opinion whatever as to the merits of the demands of the men as regards wages and hours. It is not necessary to have such an opinion to declare that, having once gone before the War Labor Board, all parties to the dispute should have followed the Board's directions as to arbitration. To agree to submit to arbitration as to only one part of the matter before the Board, or to insist that they would have nothing to do with Mr. Manly (ex-President Taft and Mr. Manly are joint chairmen of the War Labor Board), was wrong conduct on the part of the boat-owners.

The War Labor Board, ignoring attacks upon it, has through Mr. Taft announced its intention to complete the investigation, to make recommendation, and to bring about a decision of the issues involved. Its authority is wide, and the request of its President is practically an order issued in time of war. Mr. Taft says:

> The workers in this case have invoked this means of settlement by agreement, and it has been defeated by the failure of the other side to do the thing necessary in order that that Board might be properly constituted and might act.
>
> Therefore the case now comes before this Board to do that which should have been done by agreement, and this Board, in view of the direction of the President, will now proceed to hear this issue thus made, as presented, on wages and hours.

THE PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION

On January 7 two States ratified the Federal Prohibition Amendment. They were Ohio and Oklahoma. On January 8 three States ratified: Maine, Tennessee, and Idaho. On January 9 West Virginia ratified. Still later California, Washington, Alabama, Arkansas, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, and North Carolina ratified. The other States which have ratified the amendment are Kentucky, Virginia, Mississippi, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Arizona, Delaware, Texas, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Georgia, Louisiana, Florida, Michigan. The total is thus now thirty States.

The ratification of thirty-six States (six more) out of the forty-eight is necessary to make the amendment a part of the United States Constitution. As thirty States have ratified, obviously eighteen have either not yet voted or have voted against ratification. As a matter of fact, however, ratification has not been definitely defeated in any State; it has been side-tracked in a few States and prevented from coming to a vote. Of course it must be remembered that until it ratifies any State Legislature may vote on the question of ratification as often as it chooses; the only limit to the time within which the required ratification by three-fourths of the States must be obtained being the seven-year limit provided by the Federal Prohibition Amendment itself.

Of the thirty States named above which have ratified the amendment about two-thirds have some kind of State prohibition law. Of the eighteen which have not ratified several have some kind of prohibition law, or at least a local-option law.

If all States which have accepted prohibition as a State matter and have not yet acted on the amendment should follow the natural course of voting for National prohibition, it might be assumed that more than the two-thirds vote of the States for ratification is probable, while, of course, other States may also ratify.

The prospect for National prohibition is therefore excellent.

The United States Supreme Court, in a recent decision on the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Act, has decided a point which bears on the contention of some persons that the Federal Prohibition Amendment, which passed Congress by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, was invalid because it was not passed by a vote of two-thirds of the whole body. Congress passed the Webb-Kenyon measure over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote of those present, not a two-thirds vote of the whole body. The Court decides that this vote was Constitutionally legal. Other disputed points concerning the Prohibition Amendment relate to the right of Congress to specify the time limit (seven years) for ratification, the exact meaning of the words "intoxicating liquor," and the intention and practical purpose of the amendment in giving "Congress and the several States concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The United States Supreme Court has also upheld the provision of the Reed Bone Dry Law forbidding individuals from ordering sent to or carrying liquor for their own use into States having prohibition laws.

TWO LEADING ACTORS

On the same day, January 12, there died an English and an American actor, of both of whom it may be said that they were distinguished in their profession, were fine and effective in all stage art, and gave pleasure to uncounted thousands of cultivated theatergoers.

Sir Charles Wyndham was an adept in light comedy. His humor could be dry and caustic or genial and hearty, exactly as the part required. He acted Hamlet, to be sure, and his performance in that great part was dignified; but he will be best remembered by a long series of comedies—a much-abused term nowadays when the slap-dash and knock-down "movie" writer calls his rubbishy farce a comedy. American audiences knew and liked Wyndham for two generations. Indeed, he served as a surgeon in our Civil War and played more than once with John Wilkes Booth. His stage career covered about sixty-five years, for he "went on" when he was ten years old. He acted with Charles Mathews and with almost every other English actor of note, down to and including Henry Irving. His name is identified with many of the best English comedies and melodramas of the last half-century; his most famous rôle was perhaps that of David Garrick. One of the last appearances of Sir Charles in this country will be remembered as a delicate demonstration of what may be done on the stage with few actors and practically no scenery. It was in the subtly witty comedy called "The Mollusk," in which, if we remember rightly, there were only four parts and only one set of scenery. But it held

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the audience in mingled smiles and thoughtful appreciation better than many a big production.

Mr. John Mason filled a worthy place on the American stage for forty years. He was rightly a favorite of those playgoers who prefer quiet effectiveness to ranting and posing. He was fortunate enough to be cast in several excellent plays of purely American origin. Thus he acted in at least three or four of Mr. Augustus Thomas's plays, and indeed made probably his strongest impression in Mr. Harris's "The Witching Hour."

BAD WEATHER AND FARMING

The bad-weather period is the worst possible period for discharging farm laborers from the Army. But whether they are retained or discharged during the coming weeks, it is well to make all the preparation possible for their future efficiency. With this in mind, the Kansas State Agricultural College, at Manhattan, Kansas, is offering to officers and men at the neighboring Camp Funston an educational programme the purpose of which is to use this bad-weather period for inculcating all possible useful information and training. General Leonard Wood and President W. M. Jardine have co-operated in a plan which includes both camp work and college training.

At the College there are courses in both agriculture and engineering. The agricultural course includes instruction in soil disposal, grain and forage crops, live-stock culture and sanitation, horticulture, dairying, poultry and bee keeping, and farm management. The engineering course includes instruction in auto mechanics, truckage, carpentry, blacksmithing, electricity, radio operation, draughtsmanship, and machinery.

The men from Camp Funston taking these courses are housed in barracks on the College grounds, are officered by a detail from the camp which includes medical men, are required to obey the College rules and regulations, the rules being enforced by the military authorities. The schedule of work is seven hours a day. Military drill is outside of these hours. No tuition fees are required. Instead a charge of not over fifty cents per man a day is made for heat, light, water, and materials.

If the soldier's detention in military service is a long one, he can take the regular College course (which includes the science of Government and other than purely agricultural subjects) while he is receiving his army camp training.

As the Kansas City "Star" says, all this "is the application of the idea of universal military training to present camp life. It combines the college education and the intensive short course in special subjects with the physical and military training."

This, the first experiment of the kind to be tried in our Army camps, may suggest similar schemes elsewhere in the country. We hope it will.

MORE DEMOCRACY IN SWEDEN

All parties in the Swedish Parliament, with the surprising exception of the extreme Socialists, have enacted a far-reaching and significant reform.

The lower house of Parliament has been elected by direct manhood suffrage. The upper house, however, has been elected by provincial assemblies, and the members of these have been chosen only by the payers of direct taxes of a fixed amount which gives them the right to vote. These, perhaps, had from one to forty votes apiece, according to their taxable income. Moreover, companies and other associations were allowed to vote. The result has been that the lower house has been dominated by Liberals and the upper house by Conservatives.

The reform just enacted may put an end to Conservative domination in the upper house. Certainly it puts voting henceforth on a democratic basis. The suffrage is to be universal. It is to have nothing to do with taxability. Plural voting is to be abolished. Companies and associations are excluded.

Thus the political future of Sweden will rest upon a far firmer and more democratic foundation. We are not surprised to learn that the accomplishment of this reform has given general satisfaction.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT

THERE has been a long delay in getting the machinery started which is to determine what shall be the terms of peace between Germany and the Allied nations, what shall be the fate of the unborn nations struggling for a birth, and what arrangements, if any, shall be made to secure the future peace of the world. This delay, in view of the vast and pressing importance of these questions, is creating no little anxiety abroad as well as in this country.

It is true that the public acts of such a body of publicists as is meeting in Paris is always the result of private conferences, of which little real information and a great deal of misinformation reaches the public; but it is also true that there are many conflicting forces unseen by the public which are struggling for a victory in these unreported and misreported conferences. And it is this fact which gives rise to anxiety. There are political conflicts like those already referred to in these pages between Italy and the Jugoslavs; political or philosophical controversies between various factions, from Socialistic radicals, at the one extreme, to conservative reactionaries, at the other; commercial controversies between those who wish to rehabilitate Germany in order to make money by trade out of her, and those who wish to paralyze Germany in order to get rid of a trade competitor; and a controversy between two human tendencies—that of justice and that of generosity—between those who desire to see Germany punished for her crimes (the terrible effects of which our editorial correspondent has so graphically described), and those who wish to forget the crimes and receive Germany back into the fellowship of nations both unpunished and unrepentant.

Meanwhile some problems requiring prompt action are put off from day to day by that procrastination which habitually characterizes the conduct of great bodies actuated by conflicting interests and heterogeneous opinions. Although this Conference is over three thousand miles away, the public opinion of America is not without influence, and that public opinion ought to find expression, not only in the official delegates at Paris, but also in the press and other public utterances of Americans at home.

There may be good reason why the Allies should throw upon the German people the responsibility of dealing with the German revolutionaries and making in their own time and way a government to take the place of that which has been thoroughly discredited and, we hope, permanently destroyed. So long as there is any hope that the lovers of law and order in Germany will fight for law and order, it is probably better to await their action, even if in the paralysis which national disaster has brought with it they are slow to act. But there is no such excuse in the case of Russia, where, unless all reports are false, murder and robbery are following, as they always do, in the train of anarchy. A call for volunteers to go to the succor of the Russian people from the Russian predatory bands would, we believe, receive instant response. And now that the Dardanelles are open it ought not to be difficult to land a force in southern Russia large enough to furnish a center around which loyal and peace-loving Russians could gather.

On the question whether Germany shall make all the reparation within her power for the monstrous wrongs she has committed and shall suffer whatever penalty the enforcement of that reparation and of future protection from her may involve there ought to be no divided

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voice in America and no silence which can possibly be construed into acquiescence in a policy of condoning those crimes.

Dr. Henry van Dyke put the duty of America before our readers in his article in the issue of December 18 with a clearness which swept away the cobwebs which sentimentalism has spun over this subject. He said:

> To *avenge* is to punish a wrong done to others. That belongs to God.
>
> To *revenge* is to punish a wrong done to ourselves. That is unworthy of a Christian. Let us get vengeance out of our mind.
>
> *Vindication* is what we have fought for. Vindication is what we must demand in the terms of peace. Vindication means the upholding of justice and the prevention of crime.
>
> On the German Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and the rest of the Potsdam Gang justice must be done according to international law. The repetition of their crime of 1914 must be made impossible. What we want is not vengeance but vindication.

England has affirmed this as its conviction by its recent election. So has France. America has no opportunity to speak by any election. There is all the more reason why, while we wait, the leaders of public opinion should speak by the press, the platform, and the pulpit.

WITH CRIMINAL INTENT

ON January 8, in the Federal Court at Chicago, a jury found Victor Berger and four other Socialist leaders guilty of conspiracy to violate the Espionage Law. The acts charged were the delivery of speeches and the circulation of articles with the willful intent to cause insubordination, disloyalty, and refusal of duty among the military and naval forces of the United States, and with interference with the recruiting service and the enforcement of the Selective Draft Law. The foreman of the jury said, as reported:

> We paid more attention to the documentary evidence than to the testimony. . . . The documentary evidence showed that these men had deliberately in war time set out to hinder the Nation and help the enemy and had broken laws well known to them. We could see nothing innocent in their intent.

However offensive their opinions, the men were convicted, not because of those opinions, but because of the overt acts above described. These acts were criminal in purpose and result.

The men face prison terms of from one to twenty years and fines up to $10,000, or both. The attorneys for the defendants immediately presented a motion for a new trial. The defendants were released on their own bonds for $10,000 each. Their counsel said that the case would be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

One of the defendants, speaking for the rest, proclaimed, as reported: "We are not discouraged. We will keep the flag of Socialism flying."

There are two kinds of so-called Socialism—one patriotic, the other non-patriotic. Our readers may judge to what kind the friends of Mr. Berger belong from the following excerpts quoted from his paper, the Milwaukee "Leader," by the New York "Tribune:"

> Remember that the United States Steel Corporation, in addition to its regular profits, made a war profit of $207,945,953 in 1916.
>
> Get those figures fixed in your mind. For they are eloquent. They speak volumes.
>
> It was only one of many big corporations making war profits.
>
> All the great exploiters are boosting for war.
>
> Do you wonder that we are at war?

And the following quoted from the Milwaukee "Leader" by the New York "Times:"

> If any of the neutral nations have any doubt of the fact that the United States has gone into the war for selfish, commercial, or financial reasons, they haven't as much sense as we give them credit for. We feel quite sure that all of them are perfectly well aware that Uncle Sammy is after the long green. . . .
>
> As for our allies, it stands them in hand at this time to put on a look of pious admiration. They need the assistance of Uncle. . . . They, too, are entirely cognizant that Uncle has an itching palm.

As reported, a Socialist leader in New York City, Morris Hillquit, declares that "the conviction is an act of frank and brutal class justice. It is a deliberate challenge to the Socialist movement. The Socialists will take up the challenge."

No one will pretend that jury trials always result in a just judgment, but if Mr. Hillquit wishes to challenge the Anglo-Saxon system of jury trial he will have to propose a better method of arriving at justice. He will hardly claim that the Bolsheviki of Russia, the Reds of Germany, or the I. W. W. of the United States have as yet disclosed to the world any better method. There are only two ways in which this particular verdict can be challenged. One is by an appeal to a higher court which has the power to reverse the present judgment if it finds either that there were judicial errors in the trial or that the verdict was against the weight of evidence. The other way is by proposing to the American people an amendment to the Constitution abolishing jury trial. There is not sufficient prospect of success in this second method to give any ground for belief that it will ever be considered.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY ON A SUBWAY PLATFORM

THE Happy Eremite stood on the subway platform waiting for his train. He waited a long time. Somewhere there was a blockade. He read his newspaper through from end to end. It was full of everything that is supposed to be thrilling, from murder to politics and hairbreadth escapes in battle to baseball and divorce suits, and nevertheless it was dull. He found a deserted corner of the platform and walked slowly to and fro.

A crowd was gathering, as water gathers, silently, almost imperceptibly, when a water-course is suddenly obstructed. The Happy Eremite looked into the bored, annoyed faces. They were all sallow; half of them were dispirited, heavy-eyed, dissatisfied with a dissatisfaction that had a deeper source than a subway train's delay. In the gray light they looked like prisoners or like those departed who are doomed to live eternally in a dusk between darkness and day.

The Happy Eremite walked thoughtfully up and down, looking into each strange face, struck, as he always is in crowds, by the mystery of all that the faces did not tell. The faces were utterly commonplace, but behind each one, he knew, was a story of infinite complexity—tragic a little, romantic a little, sordid, ludicrous in spots, full of small woes and small pleasures and duties and chores and badly cooked meals and irritating relatives. What worlds of aspiration and crime and beauty and brutal lust lay behind those unrevealing visages? Behind the youngest was twenty years of daily living, each waking minute filled with sixty seconds of kaleidoscopically shifting thoughts and moods and emotions. The faithful record of the most ordinary of these existences, he knew, would in its very narration of commonplaceness make an absorbing romance. And here, gradually filling the subway platform, were a hundred, two hundred, three hundred such lives. He felt overwhelmed, as though a dam had burst and he was being swept off on the flooding waters.

He looked up. On the translucent glass of the sidewalk he saw round blurs appear and disappear, very much as lights flash and go out and flash again elsewhere on a telephone switchboard.

Those blurs were people passing.

They were men and women and children—beings like these now crowded close about him on the subway platform. They, too, had histories darkened by mistakes, kindled by dreams, suffused with light by friendship and love. Each blur had a story reaching back through generations and forward into lives unborn. It was a

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sacred thing, laughed over and wept over, the object of passion and devotion, a temple where idols sat and were worshiped until death came or God came and smashed the idols and tore the temple down to make room for—*what?*

Those passing blurs were bodies and hearts and minds and spirits—the visible expression of the last mystery, which is God.

The Happy Eremite thought of Plato and the story of the prisoners with heads so chained that as the procession of the realities passed before the sun they were able only to see their shadows and judged God and man by the obscure, distorted images of the loving and the true.

Suppose he himself had been a solitary prisoner all his days under a translucent sidewalk. Day by day he might watch the passing of an endless procession of blurs, but by what stretch of reason or imagination would he be able ever to construct out of that momentary shadow the complex material and spiritual organism that is man? What would he ever guess of the meaning of love and hate and passion and beauty and crime? What would he know of aspiration and the soul's hunger and the heart's loneliness for friends departed? Yet each passing blur knew something of all of these and was molded subtly by uncomprehended desires in which all were interwoven.

He looked again at the black, huddled crowd about him on the subway platform, and it seemed to him more than ever that they were prisoners and that he was a prisoner with them, living in semi-darkness. And overhead, he said to himself, was the true world of the spirit, and mortal beings could no more divine the nature and beauty of the immortal inhabitants of it than a prisoner, penned under a translucent sidewalk, could divine the nature and complexity of man from the passing of a succession of blurs.

The train thundered and rolled in at last. The Happy Eremite boarded it, conscious that a cloud had for a second been lifted and he had caught a glimpse of the mysteries.

THE LIVING CHURCH

THAT we have learned to use the before-unused powers of nature is one secret of material civilization. Heat applied to water would always produce steam; but it needed a Stephenson or a Fulton to discover the fact, harness the steam, and make it do our drudgery for us. Electricity was always ready to light our houses and transport our cars; but it needed a Franklin, a Morse, and an Edison to set it to its appointed task. The Great American Desert has become a garden, because we have learned how to make useful the before-unused soil.

The chief value of democracy is that it discovers and uses before-unused human resources. It finds in a freight-handler a J. J. Hill, and in a deck-hand a Cornelius Vanderbilt; it finds in the home of poverty and ignorance an Abraham Lincoln, and in the home of city wealth and culture a Theodore Roosevelt; it finds in a Boston family of culture a Phillips Brooks, and in a Boston clerk a Dwight L. Moody. It calls its youth to service, and in less than two years' time four million men are in camp, and half that number are in the field fighting for the world's freedom. We had never guessed that we were a nation of soldiers. It calls for money, and the country gives more than it is asked to give. We had never guessed that we were a nation of givers.

We need in the ministry men who can discover the undiscovered resources in our churches and inspire to service their unused powers. This need has been recently brought to my mind forcibly by the death of my life-long friend, Rossiter W. Raymond.

He was born in 1840, studied abroad at Heidelberg, Munich, and the Freiberg Mining Academy; served as lieutenant and captain in staff duty during the Civil War; became an editor and special contributor of the "Engineering and Mining Journal;" for three years was the President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and for over twenty-five years its secretary; held degrees from Lafayette College and Lehigh and Pittsburgh Universities; was honored by election to scientific societies in France and Japan; attained such eminence in his chosen profession that he was admitted to the bar as an attorney and counselor that he might argue a mining case before the Supreme Court; was a public speaker of both charm and power; wrote some charming short stories and some verse which has won a permanent place in American lyric poetry.

For over sixty years he was a member of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and dedicated his varied abilities from the first to the service of the church. A student of philosophy and an expert in natural science, he co-operated so efficiently with Mr. Beecher in interpreting and applying the doctrine of evolution in the realm of morals that the imaginary antagonism between science and religion never made a rift in Plymouth Church. Son of a Baptist clergyman, he made the study of the Bible his evening recreation, became more familiar with the Old Testament than the average minister, and so successful an interpreter of the so-called higher criticism that he gathered on Sunday evenings a congregation of three hundred in the lecture-room to listen to his Biblical interpretations, while the greatest pulpit orator in America was preaching at the same hour and under the same roof in the main auditorium. He contributed fifty Christmas stories in fifty successive Christmas seasons to the Sunday-school festivities, gave four hymns to the Plymouth Hymnal, one of which was, I believe, written especially for it, and was as regularly at the prayer-meeting as the pastor and an inspiring contributor to the service. When Mr. Beecher died, Mr. Raymond was the architect of the Plymouth League, a social organization which fulfilled the purpose of its creator in bringing the church more closely together and inspiring its members to new activity. And when because of the great orator's death it became clear that the surplus from the pew rents which had been devoted to the home missionary work of the church would no longer be available, he was one of the four or five members to call into being the system of free-will offerings, on which the church has ever since depended for that work, and which gave to it, in the very first year, nearly double the income which theretofore the surplus from the pew rents had been able to give.

Mr. Beecher was not an organizer nor an administrator. He never turned aside from his preaching to serve tables. He did not *demand* of his members a conscript's service for the church. He did not lecture the whole church because of the failures, the negligences, or the idleness of occasional slackers. But he inspired the church with a sense of the glory of Christian service. He kindled the fires which turned the coal into flame and furnished the power that made Plymouth a working church.

When I went to its pulpit, six months after Mr. Beecher's death, I found its congregation diminished, but not its spirit of activity. Dr. Raymond's loyalty was typical of that of its entire membership. The great majority of them were always ready to put their abilities at the service of the church whenever called on. At least two-thirds of all its resident membership was, I judge, engaged in some form of Christian or philanthropic activity, and of those active workers nearly one-half were engaged in some form of church activity. It was three churches, with three Sunday-schools, three Wednesday prayer-meetings, three worshiping congregations. While I was pastor we had a waiting list of volunteers willing to undertake work as Sunday-school teachers if they were needed. We notified the Associated Charities of Brooklyn that we would be responsible for the district in which the church was situated, and we took care of the charitable work in that district, which included one of the poorest sections of the city. It was a downtown church when Mr. Beecher went to it in 1847. It is even more a downtown church to-day. But under Dr. Hillis's

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pastorate its equipment for work has been still further developed, and the Arbuckle Institute, which is a part of the church architecturally as well as vitally connected with it, is a worthy outward symbol of its inward spiritual activity. In short, Plymouth Church was from its organization something more than a great audience and a devoutly worshiping congregation. It was a working body whose members shared with their pastor and official boards responsibility for the life and well-being of the church.

The moral of this simple narrative is that the layman should seek opportunity to put his ability, whatever it is, at the service of the church, if not within the church at least in the community, and the minister should regard it as a chief ministerial function to discover the unused resources in his church and inspire them to Christ-like service. There is latent power enough in the churches to transform the community if that power were awakened by a spirit of passionate loyalty and directed in channels of beneficent activity. LYMAN ABBOTT.

MR. VALIANT PASSES OVER

(JANUARY 6, 1919)

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

When the Post came and told him that at last
The pitcher that so faithfully and long
Had served his fellow-creatures in their thirst
Was broken at the fountain, Valiant said:
"I am going to my Father's; and, although
Not easily I came to where I am,
My pains upon the journey were well spent.
My sword I give to him who shall succeed
My pilgrim steps upon the Royal Road;
My courage and my skill I leave to him
Who can attain them—but my marks and scars
I carry with me for my King to see
As witness of his battles that I fought."
As he went down into the river, many
Stood on the bank, and heard him say, "O death,
Where is thy sting?" And as the water grew
Deeper—"O grave, where is thy victory?"
So he passed over, and the trumpets all
Sounded for him upon the other side.

John Bunyan, did you laugh in paradise
For joy to-day, to see your dream come true?

THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS

AN ADDRESS AT THE CAMBRIDGE UNION, MAY 26, 1910

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF

The editors reprint below a speech delivered by Mr. Roosevelt in 1910, originally published in The Outlook and subsequently in a volume of "African and European Addresses," believing that the readers of The Outlook will be interested in this simple and straightforward statement of what Theodore Roosevelt considered the conditions of all success, including his own. The occasion of its delivery was a meeting at the Cambridge Union, the home of the famous debating society of the undergraduates of Cambridge University, where Mr. Roosevelt received an honorary degree on his return from Africa. To the Vice-President, a member of Emmanuel College, the college of John Harvard, who founded Harvard University, was appropriately assigned the duty of proposing the resolution admitting Mr. Roosevelt to honorary membership in the Union Society. In supporting the resolution the Vice-President referred to the peculiar relation which unites the English Cambridge and the American Cambridge in a common bond, and touched upon Mr. Roosevelt's African exploits by jocosely expressing anxiety for the safety of "the crest of my own college, the Emmanuel Lion, which I see before me well within range." There had just appeared in "Punch" at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's arrival in England a full-page cartoon showing the lions of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square guarded by policemen and protected by a placard announcing that "these lions are not to be shot." The secretary, in seconding the resolution, humorously alluded to the doctor's gown, hood, and cap, in which Mr. Roosevelt received his degree, as a possible example of what America sometimes regards as "the gilded trappings of a feudal and reactionary Europe."—THE EDITORS.

MR. PRESIDENT and gentlemen, it is a very great pleasure for me to be here to-day and to address you and to wear what the secretary has called the gilded trappings which show that I am one of the youngest living graduates of Cambridge. Something in the nature of a tract was handed to me before I came up here. It was an issue of the "Gownsman" [holding up, amid laughter, a copy of an undergraduate publication] with a poem portraying the poet's natural anxiety lest I should preach at him. Allow me to interpose an anecdote taken from your own hunting field. A one-time master of foxhounds strongly objected to the presence of a rather near-sighted and very hard-riding friend who at times insisted on riding in the middle of the pack; and on one occasion he earnestly addressed him as follows: "Mr. So and So, would you mind looking at those two dogs, Plowboy and Melody. They are very valuable, and I really wish you would not jump on them." To which his friend replied, with great courtesy: "My dear sir, I should be delighted to oblige you, but unfortunately I have left my glasses at home, and I am afraid they must take their chance." I will promise to preach as little as I can, but you must take your chance, for it is impossible to break the bad habit of a lifetime at the bidding of a comparative stranger. I was deeply touched by the allusion to the lion and the coat-of-arms. Before I reached London

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I was given to understand that it was expected that when I walked through Trafalgar Square I should look the other way as I passed the lions.

Now I thank you very much for having made me an honorary member. Harvard men feel peculiarly at home when they come to Cambridge. We feel we are in the domain of our spiritual forefathers, and I doubt if you yourselves can appreciate what it is to walk about the courts, to see your buildings and your pictures and statues of the innumerable men whose names we know so well and who have been brought closer to us by what we see here. That would apply not alone to men of the past. The Bishop of Ely to you is the Bishop of to-day; but I felt like asking him when I met him this morning, "Where is Hereward the Wake?" It gives an American university man a peculiar feeling to come here and see so much that tells of the ancient history of the University.

The tie between Harvard and Cambridge has always been kept up. I remember when you sent over Mr. Lehmann to teach us how to row. He found us rather refractory pupils, I am afraid. In the course of the struggle the captain of the Harvard crew was eliminated. He afterwards came down to Cuba and was one of the very best captains in my regiment. At that time, however, he was still too close to his college days—he was separated from them only by about two weeks when he joined me—to appreciate what I endeavored to instill into him: that, while winning a boat-race was all very well, to take part in a victorious fight, in a real battle, was a good deal better. Sport is a fine thing as a pastime, and indeed it is more than a mere pastime; but it is a very poor business if it is permitted to become the one serious occupation of life.

One of the things I wish we could learn from you is how to make the game of football a rather less homicidal pastime. [Laughter.] I do not wish to speak as a mere sentimentalist; but I do not think that killing should be a normal accompaniment of the game, and while we develop our football from Rugby, I wish we could go back and undevelop it and get it nearer your game. I am not qualified to speak as an expert on the subject, but I wish we could make it more open and eliminate some features that certainly tend to add to the danger of the game as it is played in America now. On the Pacific slope we have been going back to your type of Rugby football. I would not have football abolished for anything, but I want to have it changed just because I want to draw the teeth of the men who always clamor for the abolition of any manly game. I wish to deprive those whom I put in the mollycoddle class of any argument against good sport. I thoroughly believe in sport, but I think it is a great mistake if it is made anything like a profession or carried on in a way that gives just cause for fault-finding and complaint among people whose objection is not really to the defects but to the sport itself.

Now I am going to disregard your poet and preach to you for just one moment, but I will make it as little obnoxious as possible. [Laughter.] The Secretary spoke of me as if I were an athlete. I am not, and never have been one, although I have always been very fond of outdoor amusement and exercise. There was, however, in my class at Harvard one real athlete who is now in public life. I made him Secretary of State, or what you call Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he is now Ambassador in Paris. If I catch your terminology straight, he would correspond to your triple blue. He was captain of the football eleven, played on the baseball team, and rowed in the crew, and in addition to that he was champion heavy-weight boxer and wrestler, and won the 220-yard dash. His son was captain of the Harvard University crew that came over here and was beaten by Oxford two years ago. [Voices: "Cambridge."] Well, I never took a great interest in defeats. [Loud laughter and applause.] Now, as I said before, I never was an athlete, although I have always led an outdoor life and have accomplished something in it simply because my theory is that almost any man can do a great deal, if he will, by getting the utmost possible service out of the qualities that he actually possesses.

There are two kinds of success. One is the very rare kind that comes to the man who has the power to do what no one else has the power to do. That is genius. I am not discussing what form that genius takes; whether it is the genius of a man who can write a poem that no one else can write ("The Ode on a Grecian Urn," for example, or "Helen, thy beauty is to me") or of a man who can do 100 yards in nine and three-fifth seconds. Such a man does what no one else can do. Only a very limited amount of the success of life comes to persons possessing genius. The average man who is successful—the average statesman, the average public servant, the average soldier, who wins what we call great success—is not a genius. He is a man who has merely the ordinary qualities that he shares with his fellows, but who has developed those ordinary qualities to a more than ordinary degree.

Take such a thing as hunting or any form of vigorous bodily exercise. Most men can ride hard if they choose. Almost any man can kill a lion if he will exercise a little resolution in training the qualities that will enable him to do it. [Taking a tumbler from the table, Mr. Roosevelt held it up.] Now it is a pretty easy thing to aim straight at an object about that size. Almost any one, if he practices with the rifle at all, can learn to hit that tumbler; and he can hit the lion all right if he learns to shoot as straight at its brain or heart as at the tumbler. He does not have to possess any extraordinary capacity, not a bit; all he has to do is to develop certain rather ordinary qualities, but develop them to such a degree that he will not get flustered, so that he will press the trigger steadily instead of jerking it, and then he will shoot at the lion as well as he will at that tumbler. It is a perfectly simple quality to develop. You don't need any remarkable skill; all you need is to possess ordinary qualities, but to develop them to a more than ordinary degree.

It is just the same with the soldier. What is needed is that the man as soldier should develop certain qualities that have been known for thousands of years, but develop them to such a point that in an emergency he does, as a matter of course, what a great multitude of men can do, but what a very large proportion of them don't do. And in making the appeal to the soldier, if you want to get out of him the stuff that is in him, you will have to use phrases which the intellectual gentlemen who do not fight will say are platitudes. [Laughter and applause.]

It is just so in public life. It is not genius, it is not extraordinary subtlety or acuteness of intellect, that is important. The things that are important are the rather commonplace, the rather humdrum, virtues that in their sum are designated as character. If you have in public life men of good ability, not geniuses, but men of good abilities, with character—and, gentlemen, you must include as one of the most important elements of character common sense—if you possess such men, the Government will go on very well.

I have spoken only of the great successes; but what I have said applies just as much to the success that is within the reach of almost every one of us. I think that any man who has had what is regarded in the world as a great success must realize that the element of chance has played a great part in it. Of course a man has to take advantage of his opportunities; but the opportunities have to come. If there is not the war, you don't get the great general; if there is not a great occasion, you don't get the great statesman; if Lincoln had lived in times of peace, no one would have known his name now. The great crisis must come, or no man has the chance to develop great qualities.

There are exceptional cases, of course, where there is a man who can do just one thing, such as a man who can play a dozen games of chess or juggle with four rows of figures at once—and, as a rule, he can do nothing else. A man of this type can do nothing unless in the one crisis for which his powers fit him. But normally the man who makes the great success when the emergency arises is the man who would have made a fair success in any event. I believe that the man who is really happy in a great position—in what we call a career—is the man who would also be happy and regard his life as successful if he had never been thrown into that position. If a man lives a decent life and does his work fairly and squarely so that those dependent on him and attached to him are better for his having lived, then he is a success, and he deserves to feel that he has done his duty and he deserves to be treated by those who have

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had greater success as nevertheless having shown the fundamental qualities that entitle him to respect. We have in the United States an organization composed of the men who forty-five years ago fought to a finish the great Civil War. One thing that has always appealed to me in that organization is that all of the men admitted are on a perfect equality provided the records show that their duty was well done. Whether a man served as a lieutenant-general or an eighteen-year-old recruit, so long as he was able to serve for six months and did his duty in his appointed place, then he is called Comrade and stands on an exact equality with the other men. The same principle should shape our associations in ordinary civil life.

I am not speaking cant to you. I remember once sitting at a table with six or eight other public officials, and each was explaining how he regarded being in public life, how only the sternest sense of duty prevented him from resigning his office, and how the strain of working for a thankless constituency was telling upon him, and nothing but the fact that he felt he ought to sacrifice his comfort to the welfare of his country kept him in the arduous life of statesmanship. It went round the table until it came to my turn. This was during my first term of office as President of the United States. I said: "Now, gentlemen, I do not wish there to be any misunderstanding. I like my job, and I want to keep it for four years longer." [Loud laughter and applause.] I don't think any President ever enjoyed himself more than I did. Moreover, I don't think any ex-President ever enjoyed himself more. I have enjoyed my life and my work because I thoroughly believe that success—the real success—does not depend upon the position you hold, but upon how you carry yourself in that position. There is no man here to-day who has not the chance so to shape his life after he leaves this University that he shall have the right to feel when his life ends that he has made a real success of it; and his making a real success of it does not in the least depend upon the prominence of the position he holds. Gentlemen, I thank you, and I am glad I have violated the poet's hope and have preached to you.

UNSOLDIERING THE SOLDIER

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

SOMEBODY with the requisite scientific mind and vocabulary ought to write a brochure on sudden shiftings of the point of view and their effects and after effects upon humanity in the mass. For some nineteen months previous to the eleventh day of November last year America, and particularly that portion of the people which had been called to the colors, had been passing through progressive stages of patriotic enthusiasm, mounting rather slowly at first, but soon with accelerating speed, to a pitch of determination which was rapidly subordinating all ordinary pursuits and ambitions to the one all-absorbing undertaking of the winning of the war.

To an extent not fully appreciated even by the most earnest of the home workers who were giving of their time and means in "Back the Boys" campaigns the men in the training camps were, naturally, those who rode highest on this wave crest of enthusiasm. Taken from a thousand different walks in life, tasting for the first time, many of them, the bitter and the sweet of discipline and subordination and team-work, they were united in at least one fiery desire—a passionate impatience to have done with the training period and to be up and at the real thing—the smashing of the Hun on his own chosen battlefield.

Upon these men, a vast multitude of them in the various training camps of the Nation, the news of the signing of the armistice had much the same effect as it had upon Americans everywhere. The first thought was that victory, a victory in which America had earned its share, was won. Routine was suspended and the day was given over to triumphant demonstrations. Shouting battalions marched through the camp streets; massed crowds filled the parade-grounds, with bands playing, and noise, harmonious or otherwise, the order of the day.

But since that day of wild rejoicings, now—at the time of this writing—rather more than a month in the past, the doctrine of sudden reversals has been getting in its work. Truly, it was a glorious victory; but these men who had been looking eagerly forward for months to the time when they should "go over" had had no part in it, would never have any part in it. That was disappointing; but the disappointment was quickly followed by reactionary emotions of another sort. Men, by hundreds and thousands, who had definitely given up their places in the normal civilian treadmill, and had been regarding their return to the mill as a matter too far in the future and too vague to be worth thinking about, found themselves suddenly confronted by nothing else but this return. Their reactions to the new situation, of course, have been as various as their individualities. But some of them are typical and most humanly interesting.

First of all came the mobbing of the chaplains' offices. As everybody knows, the regimental or battalion chaplain is the one officer to whom the enlisted man may go with his most intimate personal affairs and difficulties; and immediately the chaplains were overwhelmed with applications for help in securing discharges. These appeals came chiefly from men with dependents, who had practically left the plow in the furrow at the summons of the Draft Board.

Sitting in the office of one of the chaplains, a sympathetic, devoted young officer whom many of his men will remember and bless long after the great war has passed into history, I heard some of these appeals, and they were heart-moving.

"Yes, sir; I was willing to come when my country needed me," said one sober-eyed young fellow with the lines of anxiety already writing themselves on a forehead that ought to have been unclouded. "As long as there was a chance o' my being needed for the fighting I wouldn't say a word, and I didn't. But now we ain't going to be sent across, and I've just got to think of the folks at home. We—we lost the last baby when it was born, and my wife—there's another one coming now, and—my God, chaplain, I've just *got* to get home some way or other!"

The next man in line had a plea that was scarcely less moving. He was a skilled mechanic who had been overlooked by the personnel office—at least he was still only a "buck private" drawing thirty dollars a month. A wife and five children were calling him. He had loyally refused to claim exemption on account of his dependents; but now, with the war need gone, he was eloquently pointing out the fact that his pay allowance to his family, with the Government allotment added, scarcely equaled for the month what he could earn at his trade in a week.

So it went on, hour after hour, in this chaplain's office, the vast majority of the applicants coming with dependent pleas to urge that something be done to speed up their discharges.

But the chaplains are not carrying the demobilization problem alone. Every company commander is beset with applications for early discharges. One such commander with whom I talked has a small company of some seventy men. He assured me that sixty-nine of these had filed letters asking for release, and every one of them had good reasons to urge. But this case was hardly typical. All of these men were specially trained, and many of them were college graduates who had made splendid sacrifices to enter the service. With the war virtually ended, it is only natural that such men should seek to be released at the earliest moment.

For the purpose of ascertaining at first hand the attitude of these soldiers in the making who were now told that they were not to become soldiers in fact, I visited two of the larger Southern camps in the middle of December. With one of the camps I have been familiar from its beginnings, and I have been a frequent visitor in the other. Almost between two days the very atmosphere of these two camp cities had changed completely. In both of them the military routine is kept

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up after a fashion, but there is no longer the "pep" and snap of the ambitious apprentice soldier in the field evolutions and drills. Perhaps it is putting it too strongly to say that wholesome discipline is relaxed; but certainly the morale—the "fighting morale" which the War Department has been at such pains to cultivate—has vanished like the mist on a summer morning. Keen disappointment there may have been at first, but now this has given place to a biting impatience to be back in the old civilian ruts, or, if these are filled, to find others.

In one barrack-room—and it may stand as a fair sample of many that I saw—the men had just come in from the noon mess. A few of them were playing checkers or chess; most of them were smoking; practically all of them had the air of poor prisoners hoping against hope that their release might come swiftly—but doubting it. While I looked on the top sergeant came in to call the roll. In war time a line would have been formed and every man in the room would have snapped to attention. But nothing of the sort happened. As the sergeant droned out the names the men answered mechanically, but there was nothing military about it.

The roll-call ended, the sergeant announced that the programme for the afternoon would begin with an athletic hour. A chorus of groans greeted this announcement. One man pleaded a game knee, another a lame foot, and out of the babble of protest issued the one dominant question: "Have you heard anything about orders to send us home?" What that top sergeant would have said a month or so earlier wouldn't bear printing; but now he merely waited until he could make himself heard again, and then said curtly that it was either outdoor games for an hour or drill, and they might take their choice.

Out in front of this barrack a company of two hundred men were marching from somewhere to somewhere else, and their formation would have made a drill sergeant weep like the Carpenter in "Alice in Wonderland." "Column of fours" was the order, and no two of the fours were in step.

"That's the way it hits them," said a young officer at my elbow. "You'd think that was a draft of recruits that had just crawled into the uniform. It isn't. Two months ago it was one of the best-drilled companies in camp. Now it's just a bunch of loafers impatient to go home."

"Most of us are taking it for granted that war is irrevocably over," I said. "But what if it shouldn't prove to be?"

The young officer smiled.

"You are wanting to know if these men could 'come back'?"

"Something like that," I admitted.

The smile became a grin.

"I suppose every officer in this camp has asked himself that question a hundred times since November 11. I can't answer it; no man can. But I'll chance a guess. These men—all of our men—came up to the scratch once and proved to the world that we could make soldiers, and the best the world has ever seen, out of citizens, practically while you wait. I have faith to believe that they would prove it again if they were called."

"Yet they are anxious enough to get out of it now," I ventured.

"Anxious is no word for it. Two days ago the news came that this camp is to be demobilized 'immediately,' whatever that may mean. Just below my quarters there are the tents of a company largely composed of Oklahomans. When they came here, they imported a yell that must have been borrowed from the Comanches. It would freeze the blood in the veins of a brass monkey. It was about five o'clock in the evening when the news came, and for five solid hours those men made night hideous with that long-drawn, hair-raising '*W-o-o-o-o-w!*' And the breath-catching intervals were filled with an Indian-like chant: '*We're—going—home! We're—going—home!*'"

"Not very military," I suggested.

"Or disciplinary," added my companion, with a shrug. "There has been a letting down; there is no question about that. We're all feeling it; the officers as well as the men."

I asked if the relaxation showed any tendency to degenerate into lawlessness.

"Not to any extent here, so far as I know. Of course there are always a few rough-necks ready to take advantage of any unusual situation, but the guard-house commitments do not show any great increase."

I recalled the Spanish-American War demobilization on this same camp ground, and spoke of some of the things I had seen: drunken men reeling through the camp streets, cursing privates telling their politically appointed officers what they were going to do to them when both should be out of uniform.

The officer shook his head. "Nothing like that," he protested.

"Why not now as well as then?" I asked. "Isn't human nature pretty much the same?"

"Human nature may be the same, but the world moves," was the reply, given with the well-assured optimism of the younger generation. "It would be a pity if we hadn't climbed a little since 1898 and the days of free booze."

Doubtless there is a betterment. In an entire day spent in this camp I saw nothing more subversive of discipline than the incidents above mentioned. But everywhere there was abundant evidence that the thoughts of the men had been definitely turned from war to peace. They were keeping up the routine because it was required, but they were thinking pointedly of home, and of the possibility of getting there before Christmas. In meeting the men it was easy to distinguish between the freshly discharged and those who were only waiting and hoping. Three young fellows with shining countenances shared my corner in the crowded electric car. The one who stood next to me bubbled over; he simply couldn't help it.

"I've got my discharge and I'm going home," he said. "What do you think of that?"

I mistook his accent. "West?" I asked.

"No, North; Wisconsin—Oshkosh. Do you know where that is?"

I did.

"Well, I'm out from there about twenty miles, and it's sure some dandy little country. Two days, and I'll be there. Wouldn't that jar you? Little old Oshkosh!"

I asked him about his route and his leaving time, and he gave both. Then I showed him that he had made a miscalculation; that he would be home the following afternoon. His joy couldn't have been more exuberant if he had found a purse with money in it and no name by which to identify it.

"By jing, that's so! To-morrow afternoon. Well, say, what do you think of that? Golly, but the folks'll be glad!"

It was time to put the critical question, and I did it.

"Are you glad to be out of the Army?"

Instantly the boyish laugh died.

"Yes; but I was glad to go in, too. I guess I was a little disappointed because the big fight stopped before I could get into it—most of the fellows felt that way. But, now it's all over, nobody wants to stay in camp and just mark time. That doesn't get you anywhere. You understand, don't you? I'm no slacker."

With all the fierce impatience of these young fellows to be up and at it again in the home fields, there is still a very just appreciation of the size of the job the War Department is facing in the disbanding of several million men. Any of the training camps will furnish a ready illustration of the tremendous magnitude of this job. The mere paper work in itself is immense. For its own protection the Department passes the outgoing men through physical and other examinations even more rigid and thorough than those to which the incoming recruits were subjected, and the individual records must be made and kept with the utmost exactitude if there is not to be unending future confusion. Then there is the question of transportation. By a wise ruling of the Department the different bodies of soldiery are to be demobilized at some central point within three hundred miles of the home destinations of the men. But even so, there are transport difficulties.

In one camp I visited I was told that the examinations and the principal part of the paper work could be completed for two thousand men every day. But here the transportation problem was so acute that not many more than half of that number could be handled in the same time. This problem will doubtless find a solution a little later on, but the exigencies were at first great. As it is, railway trains all over the country are burdened with "extras," and the unsoldiered soldier fills every available niche.

To the present-moment visitor in any of the great camps there must come a feeling of depression, especially if earlier

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pilgrimages have given him memory pictures of the snap and vim and enthusiasm of the training thousands in war time.

But we are an adaptable people. As I was about to leave the camp area on one of these visiting days the official "sunset hour" had arrived. A bugle call rang clearly upon the brisk December air, and quickly out of barracks and tents the men came pouring into the camp streets. Swiftly, and with all of the former-time military precision, they formed in columns of twos, caught step, and marched away.

I followed, and on the near-by parade-ground I saw the battalion in faultless alignment filing by companies right and left to take position in a hollow square in the midst of which stood the flagstaff, with the battalion band playing at its foot. The music dies away. Two men man the flag haul-down. Again the clear tones of the bugle ring out the long-drawn, sweet notes of the "retreat." As the flag flutters slowly down the band strikes up the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Ah, but that was worth going far to see! Gone is all the raggedness of a few hours ago, the slipshod indifference of the schoolboy waiting only to be dismissed. Gone also are the frowns of impatience, the bored looks, the downcast eyes. Stalwart and erect, each man stands in his place; and again, as in the days when the guns were thundering on the western front, in each face can be read the story of the splendid devotion which only yesterday sent a peaceful Nation flying to the defense of the world's best ideals. For the moment these men are once more soldiers, loyal and true, giving in language unmistakable the assurance that if their country shall call again they will answer, "Here!"

GERMAN AFRICA AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

BY ANITA ALLEN PERRINE

"NATIONS desiring a place in the sun must pass examination to prove physical fitness. Apply within." Had the war finished as Germany expected, a lean individual in a battered spiked helmet might have walked into the office.

"Name?" asks Dr. World Safety.

"Germany, sir."

"Symptoms?"

"A sense of depression. If I could have a place in the sun, a piece or two of Africa, perhaps—"

"Africa? I may have some records that bear on that. Ah, yes, you seem to have been in Africa before. I have you down as having had a severe case of sunstroke followed by a prolonged mental derangement. I'm afraid that settles it. No more Africa. Continued quiet at home is the best thing for you. Good-day."

If world safety is to be consulted, Germany's African colonies must remain in the hands of the Allies. For Germany stands self-convicted of scheming for a military and commercial control of that continent on the lines of her audacious conception of a "Mittel-Europa." Less known, but none the less menacing, was her plan to embody in a vast "Mittel-Afrika" her ambitions for an overseas empire which could make German commerce supreme and prove a tremendous strategic and military asset in "the next war."

In 1914 Germany had possessions in Africa with a combined area more than five times as great as that of Germany herself. To-day all of this is under Allied control. It was not what Germany had that made her a menace. It was what she intended to have. Behind the pretext of the shot at Sarajevo the real causes of the war lay rooted in Africa, in Germany's thwarted attempts to gain the prize of Mediterranean control through Morocco. Twice by rattling the sword which was finally unsheathed in 1914 she tried to thrust France from that precious strip of North African coast. When England stood with France, the War Lord apparently gave up his African ambitions. But the strip of French Congo finally ceded to Germany to guarantee a free hand in Morocco for France was not quite the worthless heritage of jungle and disease that most people seemed to think it at the time. Its acquisition left no obstacle to the joining of Germany's east and west coastal possessions but Belgian Congo and Portuguese Angola. That was in 1912. Some of the few who sensed Germany's ambition for a continent-wide colonial empire suggested that she intended to buy the Belgian and Portuguese territory needed to round out her possessions. To-day the world knows that that is not the way Germany goes about getting what she wants.

The game of colonizing had been a leisurely, haphazard sort of affair until 1884, when Germany entered the running. Then it became a scramble for the best places. The Kaiser's first acquisition was a stretch of coast to the southwest. Having enviously eyed the rich Niger and Congo basins, already pre-empted by England and France, Berlin asked the British Foreign Office a few apparently harmless questions about protecting some missionaries in Damaraland. Great Britain was rather non-committal. Germany, having put out her feeler, suddenly emerged as a colonial Power, her flag planted by Luderitz at Angra Pequeña.

With a start, Europe realized that the young Power which had apparently been committed to a policy of concentration was committed to nothing of the sort. And this was not to be the end. Germany next tried for an opening through Zululand into the Transvaal. She retired noiselessly at a British declaration of intention to keep everything south of the Zambesi under the Union Jack. Then, in April, 1884, an apparently pleasant gentleman named Nachtigal mentioned to the British authorities his plan of a quiet cruise down the West African coast, perhaps to arrange a little trade with the natives. After this little trip a German flag floated over Togoland, and some native chiefs in Kamerun who had been petitioning Great Britain to take them under her protection found themselves possessed of some unexpected pocket-money and the information that they were now dependents of the German Emperor. It is on record that Lord Granville reproached Bismarck for having misled the British Government as to the purpose of the Nachtigal expedition. It is not on record whether Bismarck smiled a bit to himself or not.

In the meantime an energetic individual in Germany named Carl Peters was working for a goal still more ambitious. With two companions he started out for Africa in November, 1884. Sailing from Liverpool disguised as mechanics, the three made for Zanzibar, where English influence was already very strong. Some weeks later Peters and his companions emerged from the interior with treaties giving them title to native holdings covering some sixty thousand square miles. The Sultan of Zanzibar was angry. The colonial British were angry. But the home Government acknowledged the validity of Peters's rather dubious documents and encouraged the British representative in Zanzibar to use his influence with the Sultan to give the Germans a free hand on the mainland. Final boundary adjustments in 1890 left Germany with her new colony of German East Africa, which has an area half as large again as that of Austria-Hungary.

Such was the status of German possessions in Africa at the beginning of the war. Bismarck has always been represented as opposed to the idea of a colonial empire, but a careful examination of his personal attitude shows him to have been rather consistently in favor of colonial possessions. It was the officialdom of his day which had been more than dubious as to the value of colonies. Twentieth-century Germany was convinced of their necessity in developing the industrial resources of the mother country. They were regarded now with pride and with the growing conviction that they were but stepping-stones to a colonial empire of immense proportions. They should be the foundation for a great German realm reaching from ocean to ocean.

The obstacles in the way of such a continent-wide German dependency were easily defined, and the German mind set about finding plans to remove them. The first and most important of these obstacles was

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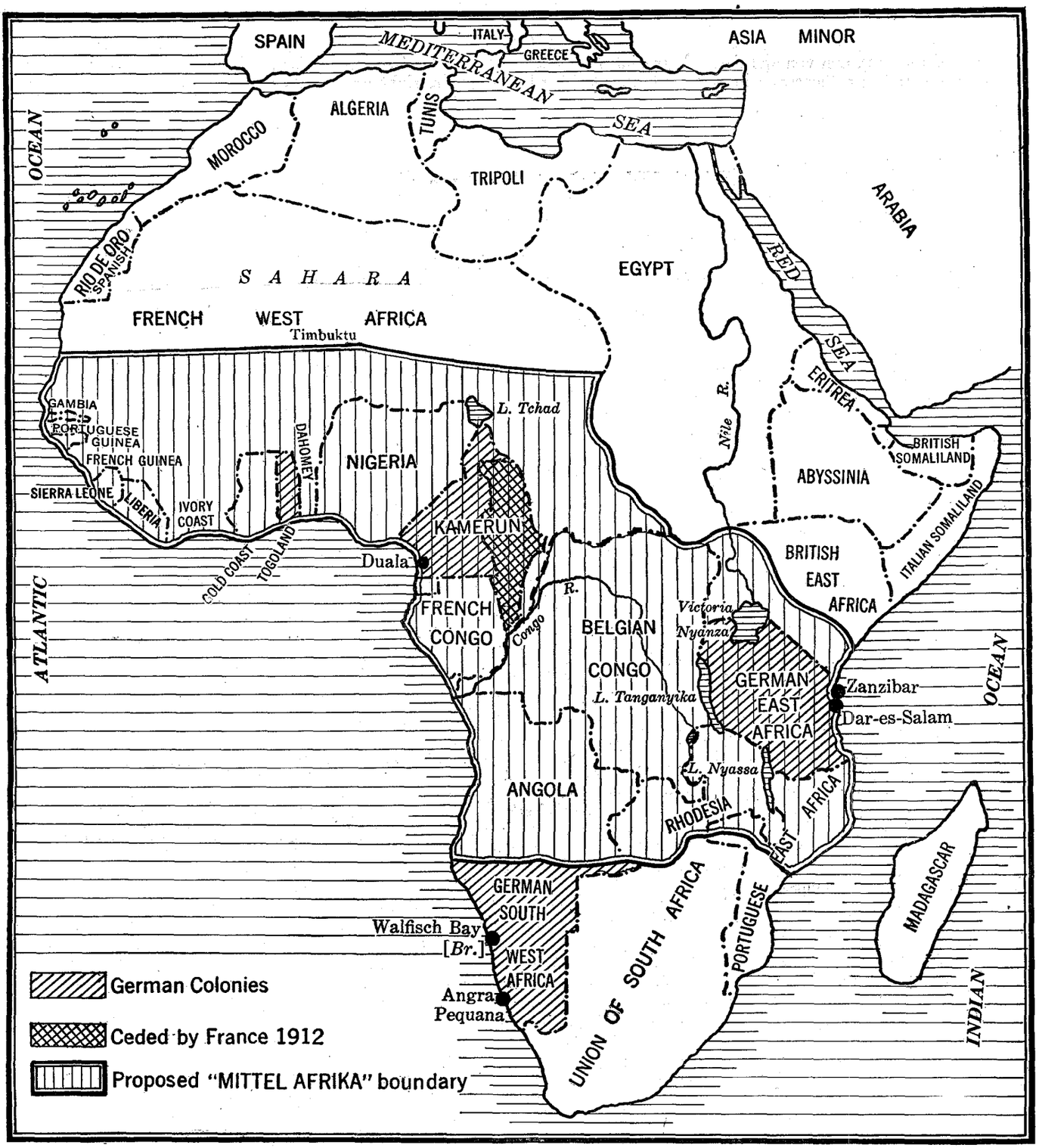

AFRICA AS GERMANY PLANNED IT

the French Congo, which with the French Sudan very definitely hemmed in Kamerun to the west and south. In 1912, when the Agadir incident had focused the attention of the world on Morocco, no one attached much importance to the strip of French Congo awarded to Germany as compensation for French occupation of Morocco. But, reaching as it did to the Belgian boundary on the Congo, this acquisition practically removed the main difficulty. It left only Belgium and Portugal to be dealt with. Germany at once turned her attention to the question of getting what she wanted from Portugal. Writing in the "Geographische Zeitschrift" in 1913, Karl Dove makes this typical statement about a piece of neighboring territory:

"The completion of our Southwest African colony by the addition of a part of the highlands belonging to South Angola would be well. . . . The present boundary divides in absolutely senseless fashion a country which is naturally an ethnological unit, and it hinders our colony from using a desirable proportion of this natural labor supply in its industrial development." It does not seem to have occurred to him that the Portuguese, after all, had been there first.

All through German comment on the colonies up to the beginning of the war runs the same current of thought. The colonies would be valuable "stepping-stones" to greater things. The Mittel-Afrika plan in its entirety is captivating because of its very audacity. It was to revolutionize German commercial, military, and naval power. It was to thwart Great Britain's sea supremacy by crippling her in the southern and eastern seas. In join

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ing her scattered possessions to cover the tremendous area shown on the map Germany would at last possess what she regarded as a colonial empire worthy of her position as a world Power. It would be a great recruiting ground for a German-officered native army. Its vast natural resources would supply the mother country with raw materials to make her industrially independent of the rest of the world.

Instead of encouraging colonizing in the British sense of the word, the German plan was to get at the country's resources through the plantation system. England sends out groups of settlers whose small towns and farms soon constitute a bit of England overseas. They encourage the natives to produce and then buy from them. This does away with the expensive problem of white overseers to make the natives work. Such methods of colonization are only practicable when a country can send out large numbers of the right kind of civilian colonists. Germany's population is not large enough to admit of such a system of settling a country. Their colonial dreams would be practical only if the land could be worked under a plantation system with white overseers and a Government-regulated supply of black labor. With Germany there is no question of what is best for the native peoples under her rule, but of how they can be reckoned as one of the country's resources in contributing to German wealth.

Politically the German African plans were even more far-reaching. The backbone of their colonial organization was to be the great native army. Germany's envy of the splendid work of the French colonial troops in this war has been tinged with the surety that such material in German hands would prove even more effective. With all of Central Africa to draw from, Germany planned to build up a native army which in case of war could march on the unwarlike British south and French north of the continent, and so command the African theater of war. In such a "militarization of the black," as H. G. Wells calls this greatest menace of German rule in Africa, the poison of German militarism would be spread to another continent. The principles that have brought flame and death and ruin in their wake in Europe could not be spread to Africa without the same ultimate result.

With command of the whole of Central Africa, Germany could finally close Suez to the British and exert a pressure on Egypt which would effectually protect that other German dream—the Berlin to Bagdad line. Moreover, the long-planned British railway from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope could be made definitely impossible. In place of the "all-red" line from the north to the south Germany could control the key of African transportation by an east-to-west line running between Dar-es-Salaam and Duala. The products of the interior would thus find their way to the sea over a German road to German ports onto German ships.

One ground for great dissatisfaction in Germany over her old colonies was their uselessness from a naval point of view. The new Germany had heard its ruler say that her future lay on the sea. But no adequate challenge to British naval supremacy could be made without naval bases to match those of Great Britain. The only harbor in German Southwest Africa was Walfisch Bay, and this had been held by England before Germany took over the surrounding country. Large sums of money were invested in the effort to make good harbors at Angra Pequeña and Swakopmund, but these efforts never met with notable success. Togoland and Kamerun had good harbors, but entrance to both of these colonies was effectually covered by territory belonging to other nations. German East Africa was made useless as a war-time naval base by the British hold on Zanzibar. With her hoped-for coast-to-coast grip on the continent German Africa would have presented two armed coast-lines to the ships of the world. By closing Suez to her rival Germany could have forced all British trade with India to go by way of the Cape of Good Hope, at the mercy of German craft operating from naval bases on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

Germany's last open move for an assured colonial empire was in the last days before England's entry into the world war. Berlin offered to refrain from annexing any part of Continental France if England would stand by and let her have a free hand in the French colonies. But she reckoned without Great Britain's dread of a German control of the Mediterranean through Morocco. The British answer was war. Instead of being able to reach out and take from France, Belgium, and Portugal all their richest possessions and adding them to those under the German flag, Germany lost what she already had.

Even after the beginning of the war Germany did not lose sight of the fact that her old African holdings were not all she was after. Though worded mildly enough, such a statement as this from the German Colonial Society shows that no mere restoration would fit the humor of the Empire: "For political and economic reasons it is absolutely necessary that all colonies possessed by Germany before the war must be restored, *but with additional territory*."

This ever-present stipulation for additional territory, it must be said in all fairness, is founded on an honest enough conviction on the part of the Germans that the Kaiser's overseas possessions as they stood were a failure. Their character, situation, and handling made them cost more in money and lives than was got from them in return. This trouble Germany planned to remedy in characteristic German fashion—by taking something she liked better.

In the first place, when Germany reached out for a place in the sun she found it—rather too literally. Her colonies were frankly not colonizable in the ordinary sense of the word; they were not adapted to white habitation. Climate and tropical disease made German Africa anything but a place to live in through choice. Of the Germans emigrating yearly from the Fatherland only one in sixty-five could be coaxed or bullied into going to the German colonies.

To encourage development the German holdings were given every semblance of ideal colonies. The harbor towns made an inviting picture as they were approached on board ship. Their neat white houses and trim streets were the picture of peace and cleanliness. The sanitary problems, so all-important in the tropics, were handled more scientifically by the Germans than they were in the colonies of any other Power. There were good roads, good educational facilities, good sanitation—the whole scene was set as though to say, "This is a colony as it should be." But still the colonies were a failure.

One great trouble was the inevitable German lack of understanding of a psychology different from their own. They simply made no attempt to comprehend the native mind. It could not possibly come up to the standards of their own *Kultur*, therefore why regard it at all? Why explain things to the natives as a preliminary to Germanizing them? German colonies were military enterprises. The civilian population was comparatively small and unimportant. In consequence the childlike natives were handled as material for drilling instead of teaching. Germany was as out of place in charge of backward African peoples as a Prussian officer would be teaching the goose-step in a primary school.

The charges of German ill treatment of the natives cannot alone be taken as a basis for refusing to return her old colonies. Her real crime lies in the lack of understanding which prompts such treatment. Records of the Belgian and French Congos, of the Portuguese colonies, can be quoted to match cruelty for cruelty with the records of the German colonies. In fact, in the long history of African conquest the only country with a fairly clean slate in her dealings with the natives is Great Britain. But conditions in all colonies were improving steadily, and, as in the case of the French Congo under the terrible rule of the concessionaires, ill treatment of the natives was usually the result of too little supervision by the home Government. German harshness with the natives, on the contrary, was a Government policy. At the bottom of their whole colonial idea lay the belief that the spirit of the natives must be crushed; in case of any friction with the whites they must be "taught a lesson."

According to the German idea, the whole end and aim of colonies is that they may be exploited for their great yield of raw materials—supplies for the industries of the mother country in time of peace, stuff for her armies in time of war. This disregard of the native's right to existence really defeated its own end. A ruthless policy in putting down native uprisings began soon to tell on the labor supply. In German Southwest Africa, where practically half of the Hottentot and Herero

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(C) Walter Scott Shinn

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This is one of the latest photographs, quite probably the latest, of Mr. Roosevelt. It was taken at Oyster Bay late in the fall of 1918

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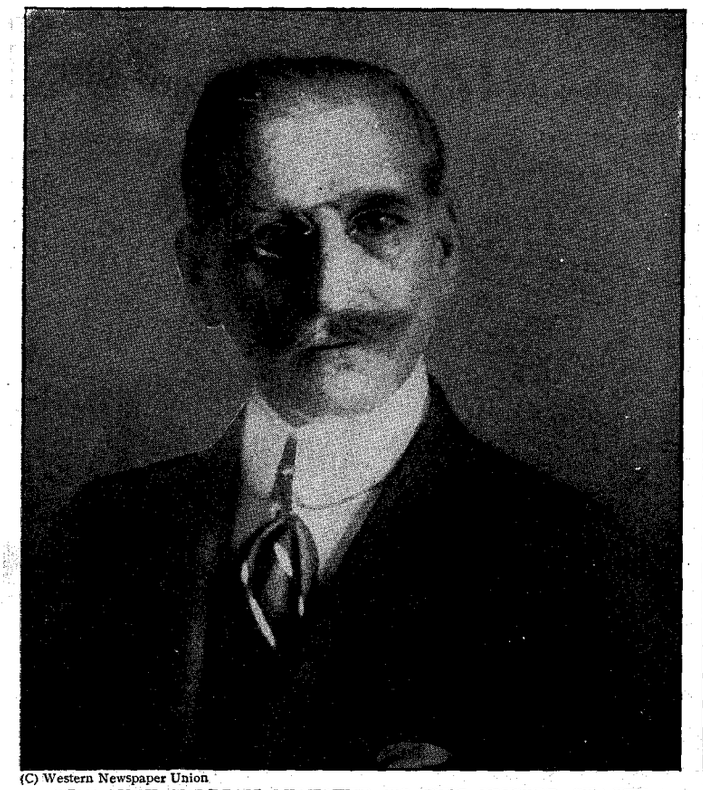
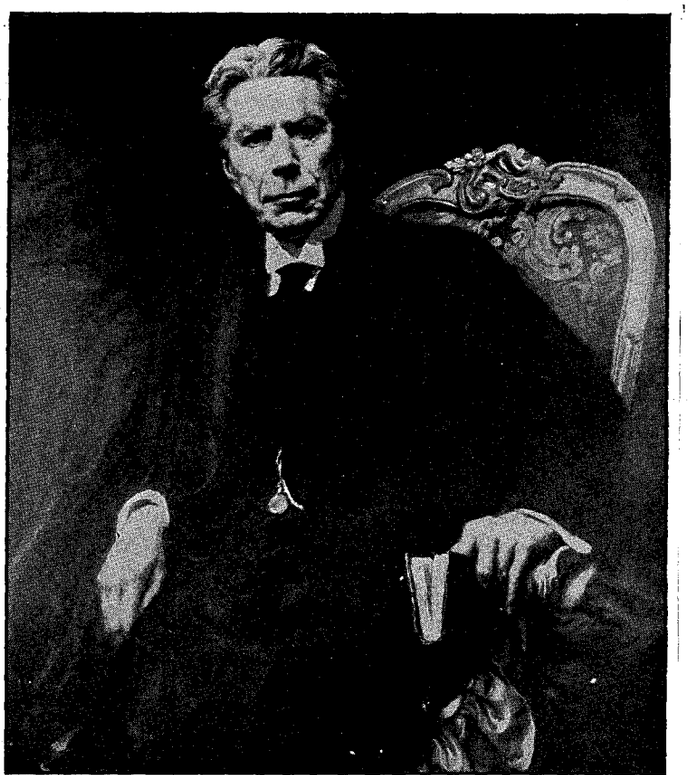


(C) Western Newspaper Union

THE NEW SERBIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

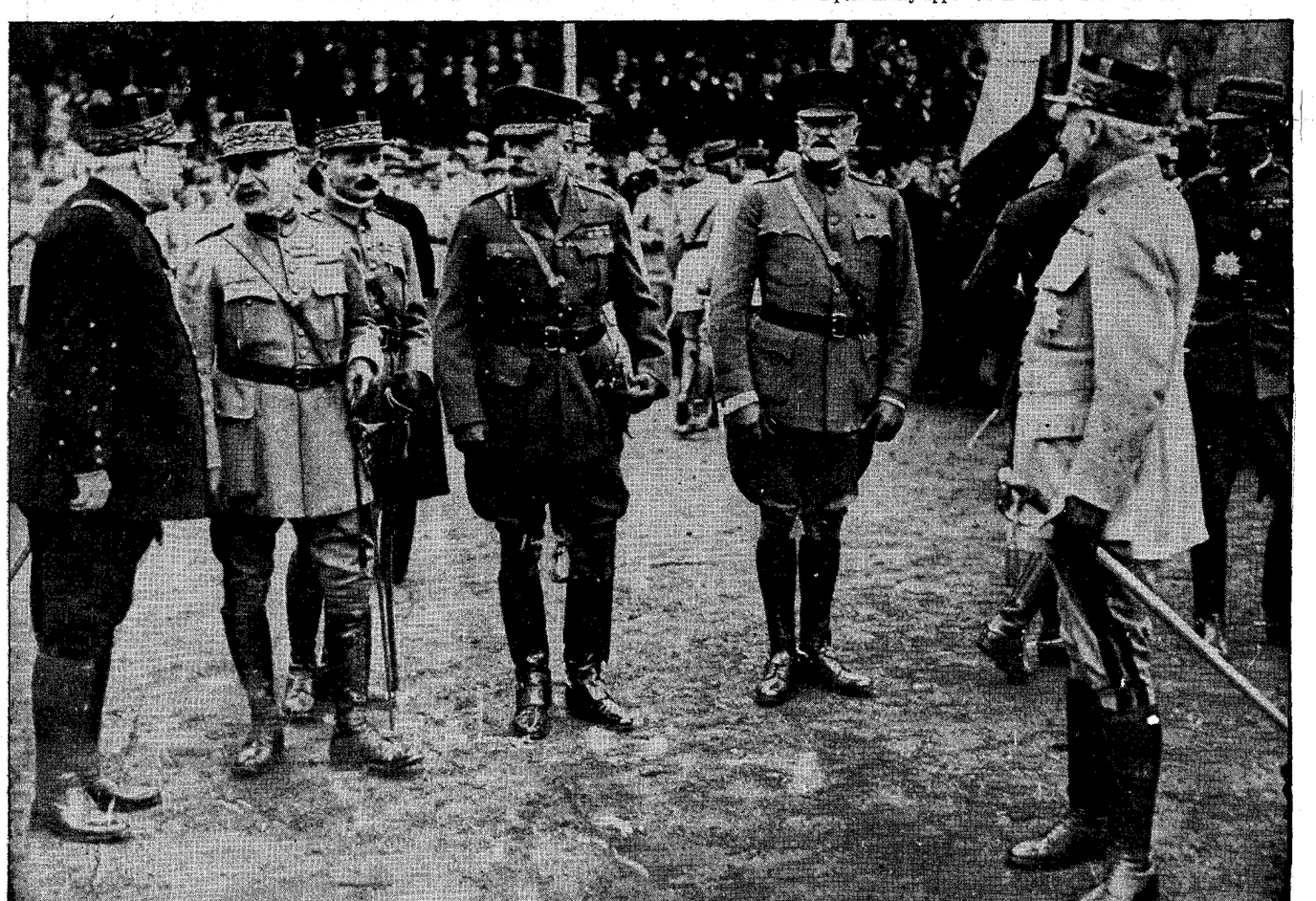
Mr. Grouitch, the Serbian Minister to the United States, has just arrived in America. He was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Serbia up to the time when his country was ravaged by Germans, Austrians, and Bulgarians in 1915. He has since been Serbian Minister to Switzerland



Press Illustrating Service

DAVID LUBIN

Dr. Lubin, who died quite recently, was the founder of the International Institute of Agriculture. Many nations took part in the work of this Institute, which was a strong influence for international amity. An account of Dr. Lubin's work and personality appeared in The Outlook last week



International Film Service

SIX FAMOUS GENERALS

This photograph was taken near Strasbourg at the time of the recent services at the famous Strasbourg Cathedral for the deliverance of Alsace-Lorraine. It is notable as showing six of the high Allied commanders. From left to right they are: Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, General Wygand, Marshal Haig, General Pershing, and Marshal Pétain

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THE FUNERAL OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This shows friends and neighbors awaiting at Christ Church, Oyster Bay, the arrival of the body of Theodore Roosevelt and the beginning of the simple and beautiful ceremony of which we speak on the first page of the editorial section of this issue

(C) Western Newspaper Union

WOUNDED MEN RESCUED FROM THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

The men shown here were among those wounded soldiers who with great difficulty and under severe weather conditions were rescued from the transport Northern Pacific, stranded on Fire Island

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(C) Underwood & Underwood

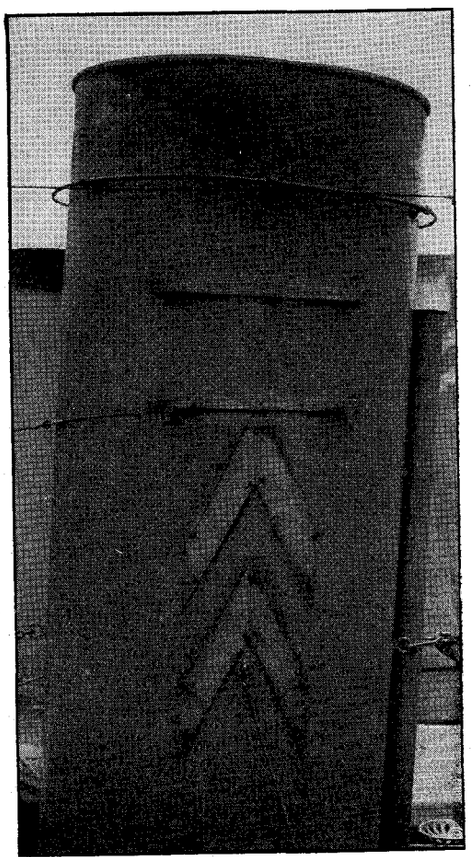
PARIS WELCOMES PRESIDENT WILSON

A typical scene illustrating the enthusiastic welcome of Paris to the American President. The enormous "Vive Wilson" sign was stretched across the Rue Royale. In the background is seen the beautiful Madeleine Church

(C) Committee on Public Information, International Film Service

THE PRESIDENT'S FLAG ABROAD

Wherever the President of the United States goes, the President's flag goes. In this picture it is attached to the car used by President Wilson in Paris. This is the first time this special flag has been seen in Europe. The background is blue



(C) International Film Service

SERVICE STRIPES ON A DESTROYER

Just as soldiers wear gold chevrons to denote foreign service, so this destroyer, the Cassin, carries on its funnel similar foreign service stripes

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nations were wiped out in the attempt to explain forcibly the fact of German supremacy, the resultant labor shortage was beginning to assume serious proportions. By killing thousands of the natives under her protection Germany had crippled her own colonial industries. Now she was prepared to take in this war more land, and more thousands of native population to develop that land.

In the German colonies there had not been the least idea of considering native rights. A black could not own land or the right to his own labor. The German policy is, after all, not colonial but military and political, a policy of self, not of service.

In the face of defeat Germany surely will abandon the old cry of "German Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean must be our watchword," and will simply ask for the return of her old colonies. When refused, there will go up a cry of protest against an Allied policy of "annihilation." Giving back the German colonies would only open the way for the old idea that they can be made stepping-stones to the Great German Future. That idea must be killed if world peace is to live. There must be no more soil in Africa on which Germany's war ambitions can flourish. The manner in which the colonies may be taken from her will be a matter for the Peace Commission to settle. But whether they are given to Allied Powers instead of the huge cash indemnities that a bankrupt Germany can hardly pay, or whether they are kept simply as a guarantee of world safety, Germany's African sun must not be allowed to rise again.

I WONDER WHAT CERVERA THOUGHT

(NOVEMBER 21, 1918)

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

I wonder what Cervera thought
When, to the wide and silent sea,
That dull November morning brought
The broken fleet of Germany:—
Those dumb gray hulks that never knew
The glory of a hope forlorn,
Whose long dishonored banners flew
Only to feel their foemen's scorn.

I wonder what Cervera thought
While unbelieving waters bore
Those craven ships that never fought
To anchor by a hostile shore:—
Those great tall ships, alive with men
Who shamed that knighthood of the wave
Whose trust they shall not know again
Nor the high councils of the brave.

I wonder what Cervera thought
When, from the portals of the sky,
His swift far-ranging vision caught
That host of men afraid to die.
I wonder what Cervera thought
Of that armada moving there
In strange and sullen safety;—bought
With the one thing he did not dare!

THE ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE[1]

VII—THE VANQUISHED WARRIOR

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

THÉOPHILE was engaged in making an experiment which, if the expression upon his face signified anything, was not going at all to his liking, for the broad forehead above the sharp little eyes—rather pale now and seamed by wrinkles which were not there when last he tested the morning coffee of the Tenth Company—was further marred by the little man's blackest frown.

"Now may a plague seize all doctors!" he exclaimed with feeling, and sat down abruptly upon a large stone by the wayside.

He sat for a few seconds glaring at the ground, then his gaze shifted to a heavy cane which lay in the road perhaps a score of yards behind him. He addressed a few maledictions to the cane.

For weary weeks Théophile had been hobbling with the assistance of the cane, and, for all it had been the prop through which locomotion became possible, he had come to hate it with a great and lasting hatred. In his eye it had become the symbol of what he was in contrast with what he had been.

So he had selected this lonely stretch of road for the experiment. He had made up his mind that he *would* walk without the support of the cane, and when the mind of Théophile Gelas was thoroughly made up upon a point things happened. During the last few minutes there had raged a battle between sheer will power and bodily protest, and the sweat of that struggle still rolled down Théophile's pale cheeks.

Well, the cane had beaten him! He had flung it to the road and started forward with teeth set and a spurious expression of confidence upon his face. In three steps his thigh had become a burning focal point of pains. In ten steps even his steady cursing had been unable to keep his mind from his sufferings, and during the last ten paces he had been no better than half conscious, the earth spinning before him, a black mist (with which he had become unpleasantly familiar in the hospital) threatening to engulf him. His arrival at the stone had been both fortunate and timely.

But that even the complete failure of the experiment on which he had based his hopes had affected only his body and not his spirit was proved by the nature of his remarks as soon as he had recovered breath for speech and the agony in his thigh had become bearable. Having consigned all physicians to torment, he glared at his leg.

"Why," he demanded, "should a small hole in my back which has done long-named things to my insides render this leg no better than an old rag?"

He puzzled over this for some minutes. As the same question had baffled the hospital surgeons, it was not surprising that it lay beyond Théophile's powers of solution. He gave it up with a sigh of resignation, and for an instant the lines of his mouth drooped pathetically. Then his eye once more lighted upon the cane, and a wrathful gleam came into it.

"So!" he apostrophized the abandoned implement. "Because you have beaten me once you think to do so again, is that it? You defy me—*me?* You lie there in the road and think that I cannot get you! *Voyons!*"

But for all his confidence he waited a

[1] Each of the stories in this series is complete in itself and entirely independent of the others.—THE EDITORS.

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little before initiating this second battle. He knew just how diabolically it was going to hurt him to get over those few yards of white road. His whole nervous system was still twitching from the ordeal through which he had just passed. It was not a thing to be done hastily. But at last the little man set his lips in a grim line and his mustache bristled bravely.

"If it hurts worse the second time than it did the first," he reflected, "it will at least spare me the annoyance of thinking."

It was this consideration which nerved him for the second torture. He did not want to think. The failure of his experiment had shown him the ghastly truth—he would never again know the marching swing of the Tenth Company, never again know the smoke of its bivouac fires; he was a helpless cripple. And to even let that train of thought begin circling endlessly through his brain was infinitely worse torture than any agonies his injured leg might inflict upon him.

Once more Théophile reckoned beyond his powers. Midway he had to stop and sink to the ground as best he might. When he resumed the arduous journey, it was on all fours, a method lacking in dignity but superior in point of comfort. He had in this fashion covered perhaps half the distance between the stone and the cane when his progress was arrested by a woman's voice which spoke sharply behind him.

"Does Monsieur presume that automobiles never pass this way?" the voice inquired, rather acidly. "Or is his cane a timid animal which must be stalked like a wild beast?"

It was not the habit of M. Théophile Gelas to begin any passage at words from an inferior position. It struck him with great and immediate force that a man on all fours in the middle of a highway with his invisible adversary behind him, and presumably upright, is at a distinct tactical disadvantage. Without waste of seconds he sought to improve his predicament.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" he exclaimed with much feeling, and with the exclamation scrambled into a sitting posture and twisted his head around quickly.

Standing in the center of the road a short distance behind him was a woman—a sturdily built, bare-armed, black-haired woman, some forty years old, possessed of a firm mouth, a tip-tilted nose, and a pair of blue eyes which were at the moment dancing with merriment which Théophile found ill-timed.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, summoning all his powers to express a commensurate amount of scorn; "any woman with half an eye could see that I am simply taking a weird form of constitutional at which I have small desire to be interrupted."

"What startling things a pair of mustaches and a uniform can do to the human temper!" exclaimed the woman, in a detached air, as though making the remark to some third person.

The spirit of Théophile longed to join battle, but the flesh was unequal to the emergency. Twice he opened his mouth to retort, and twice closed it, realizing that the fashion of repartee to which he had recently been accustomed was hardly designed for the present situation. And he was shrewdly conscious that to continue the one-sided combat from his ignominious position was to play straight into the enemy's hands.

"Madame," he said, mustering what dignity he could, "I am so constituted that I cannot argue when sitting in a public road. Neither can I stand up without my cane. Neither can I secure the cane without a continuation of that mode of progress to which Madame has objected. Therefore if Madame will be so good as to turn her back until I am once more upright we may resume."

"Bless the man's heart!" quoth Madame, darting to the cane with surprising agility. "I am a near-sighted brute. I supposed you drunk. Monsieur, I am desolated!"

She put the cane in Théophile's hand and helped him to his feet with an arm both gentle and muscular. Théophile swayed slightly, stiffened himself, became erect.

"A thousand thanks, Madame," he said, stiffly; then the dimmed light of battle gleamed afresh in his eye. "Now if Madame would repeat her remarks?"

"Will Monsieur consider the words unspoken?" she begged. "As I have said, I was under the impression that he had drunk too freely, and it happens that I have no patience with wine-skins on legs."

"The mistake was natural," Théophile declared instantly, "and the sentiment is greatly to your credit."

Amicable relations being thus established, they proceeded along the road together, Madame shortening her vigorous stride to keep pace with her companion's labored hobbling and having ever a watchful eye upon his pale cheek. In answer to her questions Théophile explained much. He even told her why he had selected this lonely stretch of road, but did not confess the grim knowledge which had come from his experiment. By the time he had finished Madame's attitude toward him had altered completely.

"Very evidently," she said, frankly, "you are a little less fit to take care of yourself than most men. What folly to come so far alone when you can scarcely walk!"

"With this cane I could walk miles," he insisted.

"Evidently," exclaimed Madame, with great scorn.

Once more the cook of the Tenth Company experienced a most unusual sensation—a feeling that further speech on his part would be futile, that, do what he would, this woman would have the last word. The thought was disquieting.

"From now on," she continued, regarding him pleasantly, "I shall keep watch from my windows. If Monsieur attempts to pass my door, I shall come forth and stop him."

Théophile ignored certain significant elements in her speech and looked quickly about him. They were standing opposite a tiny inn with clean white walls and low-hanging eaves which stood on the edge of the village. A sign, faintly creaking in the wind, proclaimed it the White Hen.

"Madame lives here?"

"Since the death of my husband eight years ago I have conducted the business."

"But, Madame, I also am a cook."

"*Voilà!* To-morrow Monsieur shall dine with me."

Théophile's battered cap nearly swept the dust of the road.

"I am honored and entranced," he declared, and they parted on the word.

So long as he was in sight of the White Hen Théophile walked with firmness and some show of certainty—impelled in part by pride, in part by fear that Madame would carry out her threat and come rushing to his assistance if he faltered. But once a turn in the road hid the white-walled building, the little man sagged. He got back to the hospital only after prodigious efforts and frequent rests.

That night as he lay on his cot Théophile stared at the white ceiling of the long room with gloomy eyes and bitterness in his soul. All too well he knew himself for what he was—a species of derelict. Bad enough it was to realize that his days of service were ended, that he would never rejoin his comrades of the Tenth Company, but infinitely worse was the dreary prospect stretching beyond.

"A lame old dog lying in the sun," he thought. "Who wants a cook who can hardly get across his own kitchen?"

It did not even comfort him to look at the little cross fastened to the breast of the worn tunic hanging to the foot of his bed. Small satisfaction at this hour to know that he had served, and served with honor. But he who had been the most active of men must look to a future of inaction, of slow travel with a cane, cautious, scuttering crossing of streets—all that sort of thing.

"And the devil of it is," he concluded, in a tone which showed his true spirit in that it carried no note of self-pity, "I am so completely alone!"

Just before uneasy sleep reached him he had one small ray of comfort.

"At least for one meal to-morrow," he thought, "I shall eat something besides the uninspired cookery of this hospital."

Mindful of his previous experience, he started early for the White Hen, and walked very slowly that he might arrive in a condition which might not arouse the aggressive ministrations of Madame. Even so he found her in the doorway, evidently scanning the road for his approach.

"*Enfin*, you arrive!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "I have been anxious."

"I have been a soldier," Théophile prelied, with dignity. "Am I likely to be destroyed by the ox-cart of a peasant?"

"One never knows," she decided, and led him into the inn.

From the moment of his entrance Théophile was fairly staggered by the White Hen. It was such an interior as had been

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possessed by the hostelries of his dreams—tiny, yet complete, and immaculately clean. Madame Blouin preceded him from room to room, her round face beaming with satisfaction at his staccato exclamations of praise.

In the kitchen for a time words forsook Théophile and he was reduced to gestures of complete approbation.

"The lamented M. Blouin," he said, finally, "could have been no less than a genius."

The face of his hostess hardened slightly.

"M. Blouin," she answered, "was a worthless sot who cluttered the earth with his presence long years after the devil should have carried him off. What you see, M. Gelas, I have done myself."

"Then it is you who are the genius."

It did not seem to Théophile that he had ever eaten such a dinner. He sat at a snowy table spread under the low, smoke-stained ceiling, the glitter of the White Hen's glass and pewter in his eyes, the odors from the kitchen in his nostrils, the pleasant face of his hostess opposite him or her buxom figure hurrying out after fresh delicacies. When they had finished, and Théophile, at Madame Blouin's request, had lighted his pipe, he unbosomed himself.

"Temporarily I am a soldier," he observed; "but primarily I am a cook. On both counts I am not without pride. Permit me to say that never before to-day—not even in the cafés of Paris—have I eaten a meal which I did not think would have been improved had I had the cooking of it."

"I had rather please a cook than a king any day," retorted Madame, beaming at him.

For a time the conversation remained on rather general grounds. Madame Blouin was curious as to what Théophile would do when discharged from the service.

"Monsieur has relatives, friends in Paris, perhaps?" she suggested.

"Few," answered Théophile, hiding the whole truth. "But doubtless I shall manage somehow."

Then he carefully steered the talk to the keeping of a wayside inn on the edge of a small village. Was it not lonely? Were there not times when Madame was in real danger? It appeared that there were drawbacks, though Madame made little of them.

"It is the war," she declared. "Women must become men. What would you?"

"And some men little better than women," muttered Théophile in his beard.

Erelong the conversation hit upon the question of cooking, and there it stayed. Both hostess and guest completely forgot the slight constraint which had been upon them. Their faces became animated, slightly flushed, their gestures free and wide. They discovered common enthusiasms, common dislikes, and then, in a moment which threatened disaster, they hit upon the subject of artichokes.

A villainous plant!" Théophile said, stoutly; "a thing unworthy serious consideration, which condemns man to eat like a horse, and gives him little or no satisfaction for the indignity!"

"Not at all," Madame countered, almost shrilly, and forthwith waxed loud in the artichoke's defense.

For ten minutes or such a matter Théophile stuck to his guns, but as the discussion proceeded his opponent gave him fewer and fewer opportunities for coherent utterance, and there came finally a moment when he was completely silent. Madame Blouin continued alone for a sufficient time to prove herself mistress of the field, then demanded:

"Well, am I not right?"

"Doubtless," answered Théophile, faintly, then added to himself, "*Nom d'un pipe*, I have been out-talked—and by a woman!"

He sat for some moments rather staggered, not so much by the unexpectedness of his defeat as by the astonishing fact that he experienced so little chagrin. He actually found himself regarding Madame Blouin with greater admiration than before she had reduced him to silence.

At this moment there came an interruption from the inn parlor—the loud banging opening of the outer door, then more hammering and a loud voice demanding the instant presence of Madame.

"It is Félix Haudel, the carter, and doubtless drunk," exclaimed Madame, and fled to her duties.

Théophile sat still and puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. Two widely contrasting trains of thought seemed passing simultaneously through his mind, or rather two sets of pictures. In one he saw the lean, dreary days which lay before him in the kitchen of some third-rate Parisian café. In the other were all the charms of the White Hen and its pleasing if somewhat domineering mistress. Insensibly his mind moved farther along the way than it should with propriety have done.

"That excellent woman," he muttered, "appears perfectly capable of reducing a man to absolute slavery."

Then he realized that the voice of Haudel, the carter (evidently more than hypothetically drunk), was continuing to sound with unpleasant persistence. Presently there came the sudden crash of a glass, then Madame Blouin's voice:

"You beast! M. Théophile!"

Théophile sprang to his feet, quite forgetting that he no longer possessed two sound legs, sprawled to the floor, grunted with pain, swore competently, found his cane, and made for the door of the parlor at a sort of hobbling gallop. He plunged through the door to see Madame Blouin struggling in the grip of a stocky man with grizzled hair, a round cap on the back of his head.

"Hah!" shouted Théophile, grasping the counter in one hand and his cane in the other.

At the sound of a man's voice Haudel loosed his difficult hold on the struggling mistress of the inn and whirled about to meet this unexpected foe—whirled just in time to intercept the blow from Théophile's cane. It was a heavy, businesslike cane. Had it struck the carter squarely, there would have been an end of him then and there. Happily he received no more than a glancing blow, which was yet sufficient to stretch him on the floor.

"Oh, M. Théophile, you have killed him!" wailed Madame.

"On the contrary," answered Théophile, calmly, "I have found that one can kill neither cats nor drunken men with sticks. But I shall be most happy to destroy him if Madame wishes."

Madame did not wish, and said so volubly. At the same time she found comfort in clinging to Théophile's arm, and seemed to experience an even greater sense of security when that arm passed quite naturally around her waist. They waited in silence, Madame still trembling, until the prostrate Haudel recovered his scattered wits and scrambled to his feet. Madame Blouin made a movement as if to flee, but Théophile's arm tightened its grip and he prepared to deal with the carter.

"Go!" he thundered, indicating the door with his cane; "and in the future do not enter this house!"

M. Haudel gave the little man one look, then stood not upon the order of his going.

"Such bravery, Monsieur!" gasped Madame.

"Pouf!" exclaimed the former cook of the Tenth Company. For an instant he remained silent, then suddenly he spoke.

"Madame," he announced, "I, Théophile Gelas, having been for four years a soldier, have become perhaps somewhat abrupt. I have learned that a thing either is or is not, and that there is no use in delay. That is a rule of war."

"*Bien vrai!*" Madame agreed, complacently.

"Very well, then. I have said that Madame should not remain here alone. This trifling matter of the dog Haudel has proved my words. As I have just announced, I am abrupt. There is a thing to be done or said. I do or say it. I am, I may say, an excellent cook. I have laid by the sum of two thousand eight hundred and twelve francs. There will be, I presume, a pension. Will Madame do me the great honor to become my wife?"

"M. Théophile!" gasped the astounded woman.

"I am abrupt," repeated Théophile, calmly. "In the fullness of time this would have to have been said. Then why not say it at the moment instead of a month hence? Perhaps Madame requires time for consideration?"

There was an instant's pause, then Madame's head leaned the merest trifle toward Théophile's shoulder.

"But no, Monsieur!" she replied, softly.

"*Nom d'un pipe!*" exclaimed Théophile, for there had come before his eyes an unwonted blur, and through that blur he suddenly saw a future that was neither lean nor dreary, and the warrior's arm (which he had neglected to remove from the waist of Madame Blouin) tightened with a great happiness.

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A CAMPAIGN TO PROTECT YOU IN BUYING

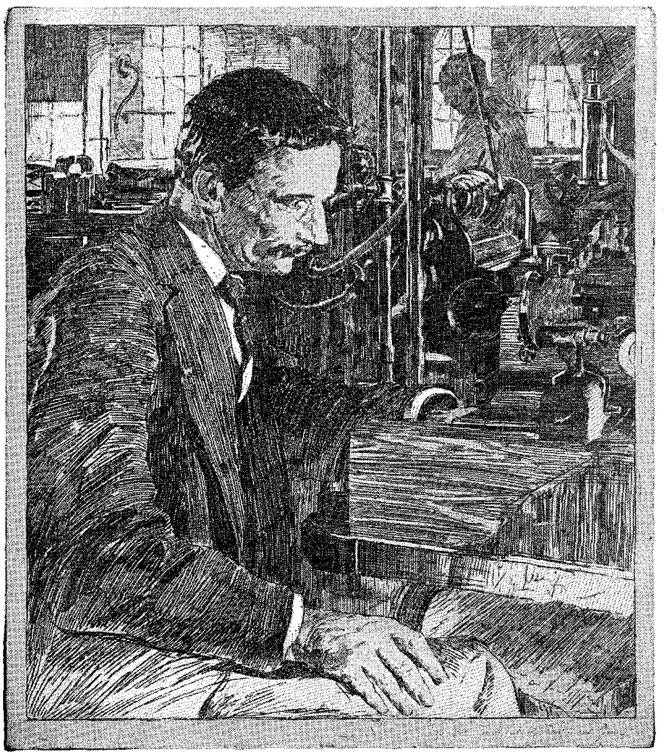
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, speaking in one of his essays of a distinguished man, said: "He is put together like a Waltham Watch."

No finer tribute was ever paid this American masterpiece than when the Sage of Concord used it as the symbolic character of greatness.

The Waltham Watch represents the genius of many men whose inventive faculties have been concentrated for nearly three-quarters of a century to make it the wonderful time-keeping device it is.

Among these famous watch makers and inventors is enshrined the name of Duane H. Church — a man whose marvelous grasp of the principles of mechanics filled the great shops at Waltham, Massachusetts, with exclusive machinery that performs miracles of accurate and delicate work which the human hand could not equal.

Many of these machines are awe inspiring to the beholder. One of them will do the work of a hundred skilled workmen — do it better and with greater accuracy. They demonstrate American mechanical skill at perfection.



Duane H. Church, famous inventor who filled the great shops at Waltham, Massachusetts, with exclusive watch-making machinery that performs miracles of accurate and delicate work which the human hand could never equal.

To see these machines is to know beyond the shadow of a doubt why Waltham is the "World's Watch Over Time," and why the foreign-built watch cannot compare with it in time-keeping dependability.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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TO INSTRUCT YOU IN CHOOSING YOUR WATCH

The buying of a watch is an important matter. It is an investment in time-keeping. And time is the most valuable possession of man.

Very few people know anything about watches.

The "works," or mechanism, of a watch is a mystery. Yet we can truthfully say, "A watch is only as good as its works."

You buy a watch for one thing — to keep correct time for you — to tell it to you with dependability any moment of the day or night.

A good watch must have something more than good looks — it must have good "works."

Millions of people imagine that the "best" watch is made abroad — or, at any rate, that its works are imported from there.

Yet, in competitive horological tests at the world's great Expositions, Waltham has not only defeated these watches of foreign origin, but all other watches as well.

In a series of advertisements we are going to show Americans that there is a watch built in the United States whose time-keeping mechanism is superior to that of the foreign-built watch, —

A watch that is easily and reasonably repaired because its parts are standardized, —

A watch that represents American leadership in mechanical skill, —

A watch that has revolutionized the art of watch making and assured accurate and dependable time-keeping.

In this important series of advertisements we are going to take you through the "works" of a Waltham watch; lay bare those hidden superiorities which have led the horological experts of the greatest nations of five continents to choose Waltham as *the* watch for the use of their government railroads.

We are going to strip away theory and show you facts — every part from the frame to the dial, hands and case.

When you finish reading these advertisements, which will appear regularly in the leading periodicals and magazines, you will walk up to your jeweler's counter and demand the watch you want — because you will know how it is built and why it is superior to the foreign watch.

Look for these advertisements. Read them.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of January 15, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Have the Germans Won the War?

Reference: Editorial correspondence, pages 97–100.

Questions:

1. Mention the things in Mr. Abbott's description of what he has seen in England, France, and Belgium which impress you strongly. 2. Tell in your own words what sort of people the Germans are. Have their experiences in this war improved their morals and ideals? Give reasons. 3. Explain the meaning of the Belgian soldier's remark to Mr. Abbott: "The German Empire or the German Republic—it is all the same to me." Do you approve of his attitude? Explain. 4. Do you think it would be just for the Allied Conference to demand that Germany pay dollar for dollar for all damage done by her? Discuss. 5. Tell, with reasons, whether the Conference should also demand that the Germans pay all of the war bills of the Allies. 6. Explain ways by which the Germans could pay all that would be called for in questions 4 and 5. 7. What, according to Mr. Abbott, "is the most important matter that the Interallied Conference has to determine"? Tell what you think of this. 8. What has Mr. Abbott suggested in answer to his own question, "Have the Germans won the war?" Give, with reasons, your own answer to his question. 9. Discuss whether the people of any country should hate the people of another country. 10. The German spirit and the German way of dealing with other nations are described in "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story" (Doubleday, Page). Be sure to read this book.

B. Topic: The Peace Conference at Versailles.

Reference: Pages 103–104.

Questions:

1. Explain what leads Professor Hart to say: "The world cannot be delivered from Teutonism by copying Teutonic methods." Is Professor Hart right? Why? 2. Explain carefully what is meant by a "balance of powers." Illustrate from the history of the past. 3. What does Professor Hart think of the "balance of powers" theory? Give reasons why you think his position is or is not sound. 4. What arguments against and obstacles to the formation of a World Congress do you find in this article? Explain each one. 5. Professor Hart believes in the formation of such a Congress. Who does he think should be in it? Why? What are his reasons for believing in it? 6. Read "The War and After," by Sir Oliver Lodge (Doran); "America Among the Nations," by H. H. Powers (Macmillan); "International Realities," by P. M. Brown (Scribners).

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Topic: Ireland Under Sinn Fein.

Reference: Pages 106–108.

Questions:

1. Explain how Mr. Dilnot characterizes the Sinn Feiners. 2. Give a summary of what Mr. Dilnot says about America's relation to Ireland. 3. Do you think that Mr. Wilson and America should express any *official* opinion about the Irish question? Give reasons. 4. Do you think you could discuss and successfully work out with the Sinn Feiners a solution of the Irish question? Explain your answer. 5. How has England treated Ireland in the last few years? Furnish the *proof* to your answer. 6. Do you think Roger Casement should have been executed? Reasons. If he were an American and acted as he did in Ireland, would you sanction his execution? Tell why or why not. 7. Do you think absolute independence of Ireland would be a good thing for Ireland? For Great Britain? Explain. 8. Show why Home Rule for Ireland would or would not be better than independence for Ireland. 9. Read "Ireland," by Emily Lawless, a volume of that valuable series "The Story of the Nations," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Theodore Roosevelt.

Reference: Pages 91, 92; 93–96.

Questions:

1. Tell in your own words what The Outlook thinks of Mr. Roosevelt and why. 2. For what do you think Mr. Roosevelt will be particularly remembered? Discuss. 3. To what, in your opinion, did he owe his great career and remarkable achievements. 4. Discuss what to you seemed to be his great aim in life. 5. Discuss: "No man in the last half-century has so impressed himself on the American mind, so appealed to the popular imagination." 6. Should any one ever leave others in doubt as to where he stands on important public questions? Reasons. 7. Discuss the lessons for us in the life and deeds of Theodore Roosevelt.

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. All good government is government of the worser elements by the best. 2. Theodore Roosevelt was the foremost statesman of his time.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for January 15, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Culm (99); misnomer, cartoon, nucleus (100); Bolshevism (104); Sinn Feiner, exacerbate (107); execrate (91), inexplicable, gusto (93).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

Reliability and Endurance

No give in those great welded links, fashioned under skilled hands, by giant forges, from purest metal.

That same tenacious endurance and never-loosening grip mark the Yale Padlock. It holds. That's its important task. Once a Yale Padlock snaps its shackle shut, it is locked. To stay locked until its own key releases it. Your "Yale" will never let go. And like the anchor chain it serves best the harder the need.

If you have one or two or a score of places that need the *security* of such protection—you need Yale Padlocks.

And what is true of the reliability and endurance of Yale Padlocks is true of every other Yale product: Night Latches, Door Closers, Builders' Hardware, Chain Hoists and Bank Locks. Those are the qualities that make it worth your while to SEE that trademark "Yale" before you buy.

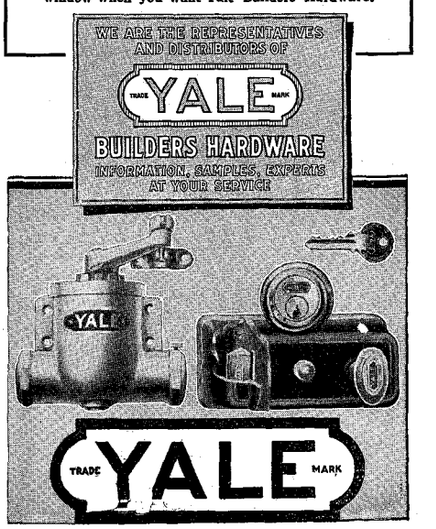
The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street

Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

Look for the dealer who has this sign in his window when you want Yale Builders' Hardware.



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A NOTE ON IGNORANCE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

Some people think that ignorance is merely an accumulation of facts. But that hypothesis reveals a lack of imagination. Ignorance, any more than knowledge, is not concerned with facts. It is concerned quite largely with feeling, and feeling is the product of one's general intelligence.

The Germans had plenty of facts at their disposal, but they were ignorant. Their feeling was not intelligently distributed over certain areas of their national consciousness.

This is true, more or less, of all of us. When we are truly ignorant, it is a case of arrested development in certain directions. A man who has not brought up a family may have at his call all the statistics about families. But he is truly ignorant in the sense of not being developed in the feelings that intimate contact with one's family produce.

To have knowledge of a particular thing is simply to have come in contact with it in such a manner that one's feeling has been aroused about it.

We acquire knowledge largely by contemplation and meditation. But the thing we are learning about must impose itself upon us in such a way that we are forced to understand it through our feelings and not our minds.

There is nothing harder to overcome than ignorance. It must be beaten to a standstill. We have done this to the Germans. We must now conclude our moral contract by bringing them into contact with the right things.

THE LYNCHING RECORD FOR 1918

I send you the following relative to lynchings for the year:

According to the records compiled by Monroe N. Work, in charge of Records and Research of the Tuskegee Institute, there were 62 lynchings in 1918. This is 24 more than the number, 38, for the year 1917. Of those lynched, 58 were Negroes and 4 were whites. Five of those put to death were women. Sixteen, or a little more than one-fourth of those put to death, were charged with rape or attempted rape.

The offenses charged against the whites lynched were murder, 2; being disloyal, 2.

The offenses charged against the Negroes were: Alleged complicity in murder, 14; murder, 7; charged with threats to kill, 6; charged with rape, 10; charged with attempted rape, 6; alleged participation in fight about alleged hog stealing, 3; killing officer of the law, 2; being intimate with woman, 1; assisting man charged with murder to escape, 1; robbing house and frightening women, 1; killing man in dispute about automobile repairs, 1; making unwise remarks, 1; making unruly remarks, 1; killing landlord in a dispute over a farm contract, 1; assault with intent to murder, 1; wounding another, 1; robbery and resisting arrest, 1.

The States in which lynchings occurred and the number in each State are as follows: Alabama, 3; Arkansas, 2; California, 1; Florida, 2; Georgia, 18; Illinois, 1; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 9; Mississippi, 6; North Carolina, 2; Oklahoma, 1; South Carolina, 1; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 9; Virginia, 1; Wyoming, 1.

ROBERT R. MOTON,
Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

Tuskegee, Alabama.

Into these guns go grains like this—whole kernels of choice wheat

Out of the guns those kernels come like bubbles, eight times former size

We Explode Whole Wheat

To Make These Flavory, Flaky Bubbles Which So Easily Digest

Puffed Grains seem to children like fairy foods—they are so light, so airy, so flaky, so thin.

But these grains in the making are sealed in huge guns. The moisture within them is changed to steam.

They are shot from these guns, and every food cell is suddenly exploded. Over 125 million explosions occur in every kernel.

Prof. Anderson's Way

That is Prof. Anderson's way for fitting whole grains for digestion. He blasts every food cell, so digestion can act. So Puffed Grains form the ideal sort of grain food. They never tax the stomach. One can eat them any hour. And every atom feeds.

Then these grain bubbles—about as fragile as snowflakes—taste like food confections.

Millions of people now enjoy them, morning, noon and night. Let your folks get a-plenty.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

Puffed Wheat	Puffed Rice	Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

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THE HUNTER PLEADS FOR THE GRIZZLY

BY ENOS A. MILLS

The grizzly bear has been the popular animal with visitors in National parks. His eagerness, interest, and individuality make him the observed of all observers. Last summer a visitor in the Yosemite National Park learned that not a grizzly existed in any of the four National parks of California, and that this animal, once so celebrated in California, was extinct.

He is also extinct over the greater portion of the vast territory which he formerly occupied, and, unfortunately too, he is verging on extermination. Those individuals and associations who are furthering wild-life conservation have recently become alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the grizzly and are urging immediate legal protection for a few years in order to avert his extermination. Even hunters are recommending a closed season for him. He appears to be the only deserving animal of high class who has not had any kind of legal protection; but since he was discovered by the white man he has been continuously pursued with guns, dogs, traps, and poison.

The grizzly bear has been known to the white race a little more than a century. Lewis and Clark wrote the first official accounts of him in 1805, and he was first discussed publicly in 1814 by Governor De Witt Clinton in New York City. Guthrie's old Geography says that he was named *Ursus horribilis* by naturalist George Ord in 1815.

Fossil records indicate that the grizzly is of Asiatic origin. He appears to have come into America about a million years ago over one of the prehistoric land bridges that united Alaska and Asia. Bears and dogs are descendants of the same parent stock. We may thus call the bear the big cousin of the dog.

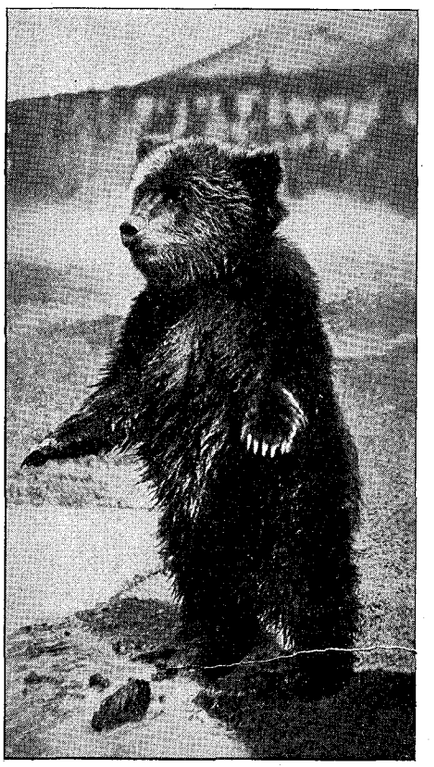
The grizzly is chock-full of curiosity. This, perhaps, is his most striking trait. It touches his whole life with acting and adventure. Lewis and Clark tell of a grizzly who displayed amazing curiosity over their party. He stood up on his hind legs and looked at their picturesque boat-load with astonishment from the edge of a sand-bar. Excitedly curious and eager for a still closer look, he left the sand-bar and swam rapidly toward the boat.

Sometimes his curiosity—his intense desire to know—caused the grizzly to go right up to a camp of explorers as though to make their acquaintance. There was no evil intention on his part, but this unusual action caused people to think him dangerous, ferocious. Thus, through his desire for information, he early acquired a bad reputation. Anything new, any change, never fails to interest the grizzly. He is not satisfied until he understands what lies behind any change that takes place in his domain. He is one of the most difficult animals to outwit, and sometimes when trailed by the hunter the bear has the skill, audacity, and speed to slip around and follow interestingly along close behind the individual who is trailing him.

The grizzly bear is not a bad fellow. He was misunderstood and early given a bad reputation. But most people have long since learned that he never eats human flesh, that he is not ferocious, and that he fights only in self-defense.

Most of his food habits are helpful to man. Possibly one grizzly in one hundred kills cattle and big game. The majority are largely vegetarian in their food habits and otherwise feed upon quantities of injurious small pests—mice, grasshoppers, and ants.

John Muir and others who have studied the grizzly in the wilds and who have never tried to kill him are enthusiastic in their praise of him: They show that he leads an adventurous life, that he is a born explorer, and ever has good wilderness manners—never makes attacks. The numerous cases in which the grizzly has been made a pet and companion of man, where he was thoughtfully, intelligently raised, show him to be a superior animal, dignified, intelligent, loyal, and uniformly good-tempered. Although a big, serious-living, solemn-looking animal, he has developed to that high stage where he enjoys play.



A GRIZZLY'S PORTRAIT

He plays frequently; he will play with a floating log or, alone, coast merrily down a snowy mountain slope. The consensus of opinion concerning the grizzly by naturalists who studied him without hunting, by hunters who were careful observers, and by those who handled him with consideration in captivity would justify us in calling the grizzly bear the greatest animal on the North American continent, if not in the world.

The eagle is our emblematic bird, but in the grizzly bear we appear to have far more and better elements for inspiring the imagination than there are in the eagle. Though the grizzly is one of the most formidable fighters in the animal world, he rarely fights except when assailed and he is nothing of a pirate.

All will be losers if we fail to protect and perpetuate the heroic grizzly bear. The leading animal in the realm of American zoölogy, his existence in the wild places will enliven the imagination and touch the outdoors with a primeval spell.

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Capel Sion By Caradoc Evans. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.50.

One declines to believe that the Welsh common people were ever so sordid, hypocritical, and dishonest as this writer represents. In a strange way the book has power.

Clyde Corners. By Ellen Douglas Deland. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.35.

A story of a young governess who is wrongly suspected of being a German spy. The people of the Corners are agreeably portrayed.

Shielding Wing (The). By Will Levington Comfort. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A singular romance, written with deep feeling. The author is intensely in sympathy with the idea of a democracy which should release the weak and helpless people of all countries from oppression and put them on the road to prosperity. War is to writers of this class loathsome and unthinkable, so that by implication, if not directly, the treatment of the present war ignores the primary question of the international villainy of Germany and Austria. The author is not a pacifist, for through its characters the book indorses revolt, and perhaps even assassination, as a means of doing away with capitalistic and nationalistic oppression. There is also a dreamy and visionary idea of a spiritual revolution in the world, with the usual vague, beautiful moonshine about the mystic wisdom of the occult forces hidden away somewhere in the mountains of China.

It would be easy to ridicule or to dissent from the author's views of all these matters; it would also be easy for the author to rejoin that the views were those of fictitious characters and not necessarily the author's own. But it is only right to add that the book takes hold strongly on the imagination of the reader, that its men and women are alive, and that in parts it rises to beauty and fineness in quality.

BIOGRAPHY

Abraham Lincoln: The Practical Mystic. By Francis Grierson. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.

The author believes that a mystical epoch is upon us, as a result of similar conditions to those which confronted Lincoln, and he draws from many sources anecdotes which illustrate Lincoln's deep spirituality. Lincoln's own words are perhaps the best statement of any leanings towards mysticism that he may have had: "I am conscious every moment that all I am, and all I have, is subject to the control of a Higher Power."

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

American Problems of Reconstruction. A National Symposium on the Economic and Financial Aspects. Edited by Elisha M. Friedman. Foreword by Franklin K. Lane. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

This volume is for the student rather than for the reader. It deals with the material aspects of the problem of reconstruction in this country and is made up of papers contributed by twenty-seven writers, dealing with such topics as "Efficiency in Production," "Adjustments in Trade and Finance," "Programmes—Monetary and Fiscal." It ought to be a very valuable book for publicists, teachers.

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The New Books (Continued)

of any aspect of economics or finance, and editors.

POETRY

Ballads of Peace and War, and Other Verse. By Horace Spencer Fiske. The Stratford Company, Boston. 75c.

Corn from Olde Fieldes. An Anthology of English Poems from the XIVth to the XVIIth Century, with Biographical Notes by Eleanor M. Brougham. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

This book, delightfully printed in the style of the sixteenth century, is real treasure-trove. For the compiler of this anthology has done exactly what the compilers of most anthologies fail to do. Instead of making her necklace of pearls which others have gathered for her, she has herself dived deep into magic waters. Most of the poems in the volume have never been reprinted or have appeared only in rare books. Some of them are as exquisite as any of the famous "gems" which the anthologists of early English poetry have been reprinting from each other for a century.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Architecture and Democracy. By Claude Bragdon, F. A. I. A. Illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

European Theories of the Drama. An Anthology of Dramatic Theory and Criticism from Aristotle to the Present Day, in a Series of Selected Texts, with Commentaries, Biographies and Bibliographies. By Barrett H. Clark. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. $3.50.

WAR BOOKS

Democracy Versus Autocracy. A Comparative Study of Governments in the World War. By Karl Frederick Geiser, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"Passed As Censored." By Bertram M. Bernheim, Captain, M. C. U. S. A. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.25.

Romance of the Red Triangle (The). The Story of the Coming of the Red Triangle and the Service Rendered by the Y. M. C. A. to the Sailors and Soldiers of the British Empire. By Sir Arthur K. Yapp, K.B.E. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

"The Future Belongs to the People." By Karl Liebknecht. Edited and Translated by S. Zimand. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

We have already referred to the timeliness in the publication of this little book. The translator and editor, Mr. Zimand, has done a valuable piece of work in putting before American readers the text of many of the remarkable speeches made by Karl Liebknecht. In it Liebknecht, as Mr. Walter E. Weyl says in his Introduction, "stands up boldly against all that is powerful, respectable, and formidable in Germany and challenges it at the utter risk of life and reputation."

Mr. Zimand's running description and explanation tie the speeches together. If it is true that Liebknecht has left Socialism for Bolshevism (for the two things are utterly different), one may perhaps find the reason for such a change of mental attitude in this history of his vain struggle against the war and against the evil and viciousness of the German plotting (which he recognized as early as December, 1914), and in the personal persecution which forced this eloquent member of the Reichstag into a private's uniform, sent him to the battle-front, and later consigned him to a prison cell. Volumes of translated speeches are as a rule not very thrilling reading, but this volume at least is the reverse of being dull.

Tragedy of Armenia (The). A Brief Study and Interpretation. By Bertha S. Papazian. Introduction by Secretary James L. Barton, D.D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.

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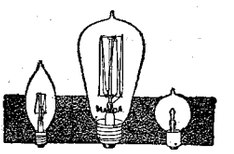

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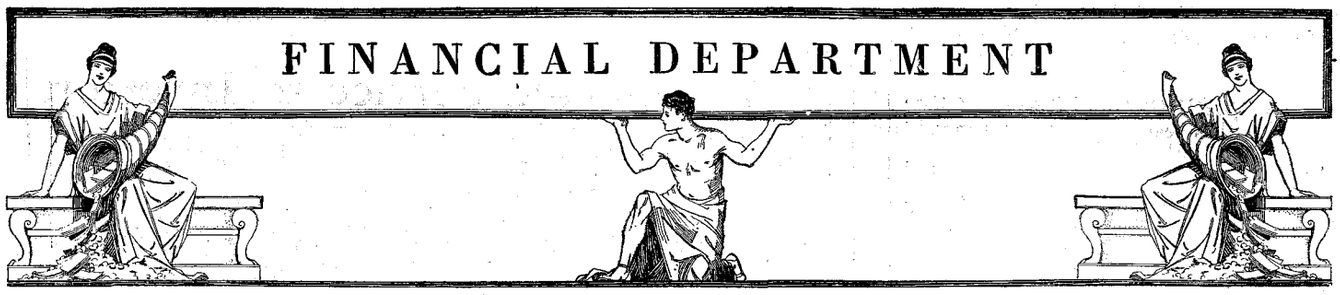

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

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A MONETARY CONSCIENCE

DURING the past four years the world has been engaged in a campaign of mutual destruction with an accompanying tremendous loss of capital. We can expect little from the money-bags of Europe for some time; so it remains for this country to take up in great seriousness the work of development and expansion.

Our first duty is to save, for out of savings, and not earnings, investments are made.

We need not be miserly—seeking to gain by mean and petty saving; nor niggardly—by stinting others; nor greedy—in wishing to get everything for ourselves; nor sordid—being actuated by a low desire for gain. But we may be excessively sparing and careful in the use of money; we may be properly avaricious, reaching out for gain in our desire to get and to keep.

There is much unnecessary suffering, much anguish, much avoidable pain caused by the lack of frugality and the short-sightedness of laying aside nothing for the future.

Why do we hesitate?

Why do we try to compromise with ourselves?

Have we no financial conscience?

If it is only stupid thoughtlessness, let us stop and consider:

Have we any worthy eagerness to achieve something great or good? Of course every one who is in good health has ambition to some degree. Why, then, should we mortgage our future so heavily that we must pay a premium far beyond any conception of to-day's vision, and later, as the principal comes due, find, not only old age, but insolvency and pauperism?

It is so simple to save a very small amount, it seems hardly worth while. We are always waiting to do big things—some day; we hope to bring great things to pass, and we have no time for petty details; as we grow older it becomes harder to make a small start.

Why should we buy one share of stock in a company of unquestioned merit when the yearly income from that purchase would be only $6? It isn't worth bothering about, argues the man who is waiting until his ship comes in, and even five shares would return only $30 per annum, or $2.50 a month. That would not pay his car-fare or gas bill?

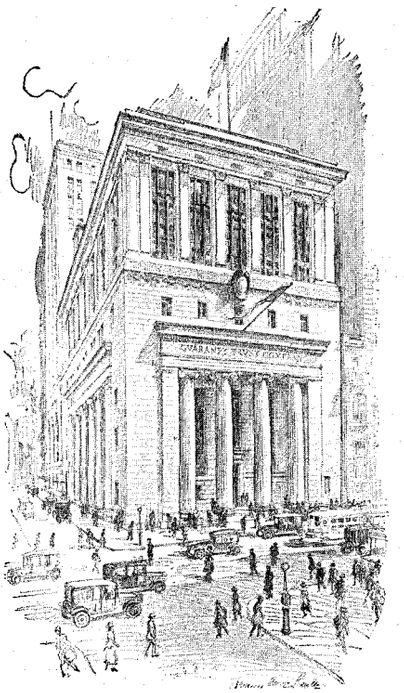
However, the largest fortunes and the greatest industrial enterprises have been built up by an accumulation of fractional particles into a vast total.

A man who had enjoyed a fair salary for many years recently died, leaving his wife and four children penniless. For the past ten years he had been planning to take out a life insurance policy, but he had always calculated that less than $1,200 a year income would be inadequate—that meant a $20,000 policy; but every year, instead of taking out $100 or $500 at a time, which was commensurate with his means, he decided to wait until more prosperous times. He was afraid and ashamed to invest small sums. Now it is too late, and his family is poverty-stricken.

Can we not make saving more of a sacrifice? We believe that we have reached the limit of the amount we are able to lay aside. Yes—perhaps without stinting ourselves. But that is not enough. If upon inclination to buy something that seems at the moment essential to our comfort we postpone its purchase for a week, we frequently find the desire supplanted by a tendency to possess something else. Possibly this long-

A Four-fold Service to Investors

OUR Bond Department centers its activities upon service to investors. It places at their disposal its expert knowledge and long experience in meeting the requirements of thousands of individuals and institutions. It offers exceptional facilities for the handling of investment business through our offices in New York, our correspondents in various cities, and our Mail Service Division. It has at all times a large list of carefully selected bonds and notes, adapted to varying investment requirements, which are offered with our recommendation.



In addition, the facilities of other departments of this Company will be found of great convenience to our customers.

Our *Banking Department* invites checking accounts. These bear interest on daily balances; a higher rate of interest is paid on deposits subject to 30 days' notice of withdrawal, or on certificates of deposit issued for from three to six months.

Our *Trust Department*, for a very moderate charge, will hold your securities in a custody account, collecting and crediting the income, and attending to all details of routine care; at the same time the securities are always subject to your order.

If your business involves transactions abroad, our *Foreign Department*, through the Company's offices and extensive connections throughout the world, is in a position to be of material assistance to you.

We invite you to consult us regarding your investments, and shall be glad to explain how our facilities may be of the greatest service.

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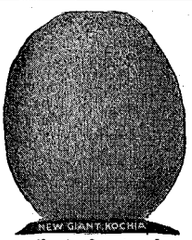

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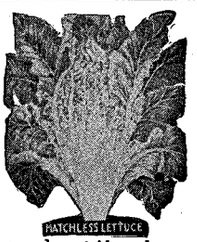

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A Monetary Conscience (Continued)

ing is of the same transient quality. Let us wait and reflect.

It is remarkable how frequently an outlay of money that seems at the moment necessary is, upon reflection, uncalled for and extravagant.

For the well-to-do a charge account is a convenience, but for the man who is attempting to support a family on a salary of $3,000 a year it is ultimate ruin.

A short time ago, in commenting upon the ever-increasing cost of living, a neighbor finally divulged the true cause of his impecuniosity. "We seem to be habitually poor," he said; "and were it not for our arrangements with Miss ——, a professional shopper, to whom we charge anything at various large department stores, it would often be impossible for us to make our necessary purchases and we could never avail ourselves of the many bargains that in this way are at our command."

From his salary of $3,000 a year he had paid out over $830 during the past twelve months, and still owed this "professional friend" over $200 more. It would be enlightening to review the list of purchases. Probably one-quarter of his income had been improvidently squandered.

It is of no avail to place our pennies in a bank if at the same time we carelessly allow ourselves large extravagances.

If the affairs of large corporations were conducted on the same basis that many of us manage our personal business, the commercial world would soon be in receivership.

Self-control first, then determination, perseverance, and courage bespeak successfulness.

Having saved, it is our next duty to invest wisely for the greatest good of ourselves and the community at large.

While we are accumulating a surplus let us give thought to the serious matter of training ourselves by systematic study, so that we may invest our savings with the greatest possible freedom from loss.

No one intentionally places at great hazard any funds from which he anticipates an uninterrupted income, but many "would-be" investors seem to have almost a childish conception of the meaning of risk. They are in the same category with the old darky who wanted to take out an insurance policy on his life, and upon being asked his age, said, "Ninety-seven, sah." "Why, we can't insure you, Sambo," the agent retorted, sharply. "Maighty little risk on you' part, sah. Ef you are at all familiah with statistics, you-all know that only a small percentage of deaths occur after the age of ninety-seven."

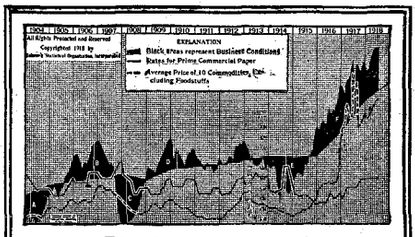
The "investor" who "lends" his money at 20 per cent should see nothing illogical in Sambo's reasoning.

It takes so long to save the first $1,000, and yet we want to decide in ten minutes how it shall be invested.

Is it too much trouble to learn, or is the proper procedure an unknown quantity in the minds of some of our readers? This department of The Outlook would value an expression of opinion.

We seek the advice of a friend of dissimilar means or requirements; we ask for suggestions from an investment banker who is unfamiliar with our financial status and our needs; or we take the recommendations of a well-meaning but possibly inexperienced bond salesman.

All of the above may or may not be the wisest counsel, but such assistance may be accepted only as a basis for variation and modification if we have obtained a knowledge of the first principles of investment.



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QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. I have been offered Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company preferred stock and American Telephone and Telegraph Company 6 per cent convertible bonds as attractive investments. What is your opinion of their respective merits?

A. Both securities mentioned deserve a high investment rating, although, of course, the latter, being a promise of a large and successful corporation to pay at a definite date, should take precedence over the preferred stock.

The Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company in 1917 earned 23.27 per cent on its preferred stock, and over a five-year period the average amount of earnings applicable to this stock has been more than twice the dividend requirements of 8 per cent.

An added attraction of the Telephone Company's bonds mentioned is the fact that they are convertible into the stock of the company at 106 per cent at any time after two years from the date of issue and until their maturity. During the last five years the stock has sold as high as 140, and it has only been since the United States entered the war that the stock sold below par.

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SOPHONISBA IN TEXAS

The Happy Eremite, discoursing "Concerning Sophonisba and the Practical Life" in the issue of November 13, has struck, it seems, a responsive chord in the heart of an Outlook reader in Texas. We print below the letter in which she charmingly combines the business of repressing admiration with the pleasure of letting off steam.

"The Happy Eremite,"
Somewhere-in-"Seclusion"-in-New England:

My Dear Sir—It is quite courageous of me so to address you, but it is your own fault. I have read your little philosophical prose-poems in The Outlook for a long time now, so of course I feel absolutely that you and your Lady are the realest kind of folks—not just vague writer-people. Of course writer-people are folks, but it is sometimes hard to believe it.

This is to tell you how very much I appreciate the things you write; your humor is so clean and sweet—you are wonderfully practical for so poetical a poet, and have such an ever-ready fund of common sense along with the learned things you tell us.

In particular your talk concerning Sophonisba drew the "bitterness" from a situation that was daily becoming a greater tax upon my disposition. It has made me feel much more kindly toward my own particular Sophonisba—the human one, not the one in my heart that you warn us against.

I offered my Sophonisba a home because she was temporarily homeless. She came "in a suit-case," because she frankly stated she thought she could not stand the babies very long. Now there's no room on our back porch because of her two large trunks; not so much closet space because of her gowns. She's lovely and generous—many other good qualities; but nothing must spoil her manicure, and the children must be very careful where they kiss her carefully laid-on complexion. She thinks I cook the *best* dinners, and then scolds because I "stick around the kitchen" so much. "You don't cook as *I* do," she'll say. "I put my things on to cook and go into the other room and read." Or, "You're a *slave* to your work," and picking up a kitchen broom to help me will, with two or three swipes, neatly conceal some crumbs in the deep corner behind the kitchen range! You see? I can see the humor of it all now much better than I could before my last Outlook came.

And I particularly enjoyed "The Boy in the Bassinet." We have had four girls in our much-worn bassinet, and enjoy reading and hearing about boys sometimes being in them. Your wishes and hopes for the tiny boy will surely come true.

I have bored you much longer than I intended. Forgive me. And may you and your Lady always continue to be the happiest of Eremites.

Most sincerely your admirer,
A TEXAS EREMITESS.

November 16, 1918.

"Norah," said the Major's wife to her cook, according to the "Typographic Messenger," "I want you to get up an extra nice dinner for Sunday. I have written Captain Smith that we would enjoy the pleasure of his company next Sunday evening." Norah: "Sure, ma'am, I'd rather leave than cook for a whole company of them soldiers."

MANY readers of The Outlook will remember with pleasure those interesting stories by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," that were published in The Outlook some months ago. These stories, with many additional adventures of Arnold, have been published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the well-known Boston publishers. It is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing many illustrations from original drawings and photographs. The retail price of the book is $1.35 net. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of $4.35 for the book and the subscription. Only a limited number of volumes are available for this offer, which will be withdrawn when our present supply is exhausted.

Fill out the accompanying order form and return to us at once with remittance of $4.35; we will extend your subscription for one year, whatever the present date of expiration may now be, and "The Adventures of Arnold Adair" will be sent to you immediately, carefully protected from damage in transit, all charges prepaid. This offer also applies to a new subscription, but does not apply in the case of subscriptions sent through agents.

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BY THE WAY

It is not often that a military command perpetrates a pun. A veritable pun, however, has been imprinted on the helmets and motor trucks of the American Twenty-seventh Division. A recent number of the "Gas Attack" shows a device in which a number of stars are so arranged as to correspond with the constellation Orion. Now, as every one knows, the gallant and efficient commander of that Division is General O'Ryan. The idea is clever and perhaps a bit humorous. Certainly, General O'Ryan has proved himself a military star, and the Twenty-seventh Division in its capture of Mont Kemmel and its thrust through the Hindenburg Line south of Cambrai is truly entitled to be considered *some* constellation.

Speaking of puns, if Oliver Wendell Holmes were alive, he would certainly like to add to his "Home for Decayed Punsters" the series of puns on the name of the late British Food Controller, Lord Rhondda. A British officer is reported to have said: "Our poor Food Controller comes in for a good deal of chaffing. I heard him addressed one day as 'the gay Lord Queue,' and another time a lady called him 'the lord of the manna.' He's never really minded, though; but it's true he got rather angry once when a flapper told him her butcher's queue was a very popular Rhonddavous."

A new word describes a new "disease." This disease is said to afflict certain imaginative minds among our returned soldiers. It is called "kidomelitis." It is alleged to be particularly common among certain hospital patients who like their visitors to go away interested, surprised, and horrified. An aggravated case, to illustrate, is that of one patient whose injuries were actually caused by the kick of a mule, but were described by him as the result of an affray with the enemy, which led to his cutting seventeen notches in his rifle, each in memory of a deceased Boche.

There was no "kidding," however, we imagine, in this amusing story of the exploit of Lieutenant Cooper, told by Captain Swan in his book "My Company." Cooper was a moving-picture man. Here is the story:

> A regiment of infantry was to "hop off" early in the morning, going over to take a certain town. "Coop" was right out there working his movie on the boys going ahead. Suddenly, to his consternation, eight Boches came out of a shell-hole right in front of him. He started to "*kamerad*," but to his surprise all eight of the enemy threw up their hands and "*kameraded*." He took heart, began to realize what the situation was, and turned the crank of the camera as fast as he could. Shrieks and more "*kamerading*" from the Huns. They thought he had a machine gun on them! It was a laughable sight to see this moving-picture man marching behind the eight Boches, all their "hardware" on him, and they carrying his moving-picture apparatus.

The record for high flying has lately been broken by an English aviator, Captain Lang. At Ipswich he attained a height of 30,500 feet—over five miles. This is 1,600 feet beyond any previous altitude record. Both Captain Lang and his observer suffered severely from frost-bite. Later accounts state that Captain Lang had been disciplined for giving out these facts without authorization.

Soldiers and sailors have a fondness for mascots. The strangest mascot so far reported is that which belonged to the British dreadnought Valiant. An officer of the American fleet just returned thus describes it:

> I have seen all sorts of mascots in the navy, from plain dogs and assorted cats, goats, chickens, ducks, and monkeys to fancy armadillos and Gila monsters and seagoing guinea-pigs; but the mascot of the Valiant had it on them all. Nothing less than a boa-constrictor, the biggest snake I ever hope to see, a regular full-sized boa-constrictor, long enough, I believe, to use for a homeward-bound pennant if flattened out a little.

The "Stars and Stripes," the paper of the American soldiers in France, says: "Yes, you can take your old tin derby and gas mask back to the States with you, after all, to prove that you really did soldier. A recommendation to that effect from the authorities on this side has been duly approved."

Another item from the "Stars and Stripes" tells us that in a Christmas Gift War Orphan campaign S. O. S. (Service of Supply) has alone contributed about $83,000 for the "adoption" of 836 orphans. Altogether this beautiful Christmas plan carried on by the "Stars and Stripes" had made it possible to adopt 976 orphans up to December 6. It is said that many of the soldiers were sorry and cross when they found that they could not actually take the orphans back with them to America, the plan, of course, being to provide for the comfort and support of the children for a given time.

The results of the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call have just been made known. The total number of members registered for the coming year is 16,702,262. These figures are not complete, but even as they stand they give a splendid proof of the continuance of the work of the American Red Cross and demonstrate beyond question the interest of the whole country in its work.

A news report that a few passenger-pigeons have lately been seen in Connecticut and Long Island recalls the singular history of this almost extinct bird. Fifty years ago these pigeons were reckoned by hundreds of millions; they flew in vast flocks which literally darkened the skies. Unhappily, they were slaughtered by millions also. It is stated that in 1869 one town in Michigan shipped one hundred and twenty car-loads of dead pigeons in forty days; their number was estimated at 11,880,000. But about forty years later, in 1910, not a single nest of the passenger-pigeon could be found, although a reward of $3,000 was offered for an undisturbed one.

As the secrets of the war are disclosed some singular stories are told of the activities of the submarine. It has long been known that a British submarine penetrated the Dardanelles, attacked Turkish ships at Constantinople, and escaped unhurt. Not so fortunate was the German submarine whose attempt is thus described by a Scottish newspaper:

> One of our airmen observed a large submarine lying at the bottom of the river only a few miles from Dundee. There is little doubt that the destruction of Tay Bridge, vital to our home communications, was the principal objective of this sea pest. The airman got in touch with the mine-sweepers and patrol-boats. The large patrol-boat Jessinth came on the scene and dropped a heavy depth charge. That did it. When divers went down, thirteen bodies were removed, taken to the harbor at the dead of night, and buried quietly in the Western Cemetery.

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AN INDIAN ART CALENDAR

Tomahawk and wampum are not, says the New York "Evening Post," the only heritage we have from the American Indian. There is the "art calendar," and the Sioux of Dakota are responsible for it. The art calendars, a collection of which are now on view at the American Museum of Natural History, consisted of a system of pictographs drawn on buffalo skins in serial order, descriptive of each year as it passed.

Numbers were not employed to designate the years, but some winter event was used to characterize them. "Waniyetu yawap wowapi," which by interpretation means "Winter count writing," was the name of the Indian calendar system.

The American Museum of Natural History has been fortunate in being able to obtain one of these chronicles complete and parts of two others. The full account is that kept by "Short-man," a Sioux. Short-man made the drawings now in the Museum from the original in his possession, and the inscriptions have been copied, translated, and dated by Dr. J. R. Walker. A 117-year record in the keeping of Iron Crow is produced in part, and is exhibited together with a part of Iron Crow's original manuscript.

Traces of American history from the view-point of the Indian are visible in this calendar system. The years 1779 to 1781 are designated in the pictographs as "Small pox used them up and small pox used them up again winters." A year in which an eclipse occurred was noted down as "Star-passed-by-with-loud-noise winter, Much-whisky winter, and used-up-the-Omaha winter."

When a law was passed forbidding murder among Indians, and the President signed it, that year pictured itself to the Sioux as "Consider-grandfather-murder-them-not-for-makes winter."

The assassination of President McKinley in 1902 was recorded, "Great-Grandfather-the-killed winter," and 1905, which saw the building of a railroad near the home of the Oglala Indians, was sadly known as "Oglala-the-iron-road-and-kills-them winter."

A Dakota Indian, in reckoning the years of his birth, if, for instance, that occurred in 1853, would say he was born "in the year of the deep snow," or if in 1889, "in the year of the moon's eclipse." He would count back by enumerating the successive year names on the official art calendar.

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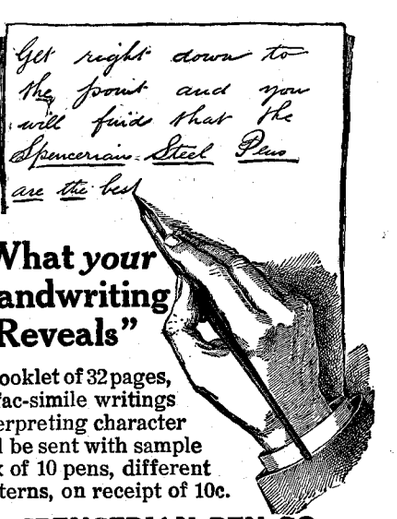

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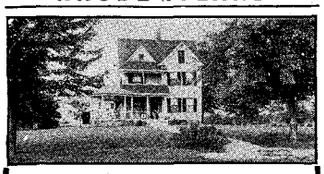

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THE NEW BOOKS

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Curious Quest (The). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

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Gray Dream (A), and Other Stories of New England Life. By Laura Wolcott. The Yale University Press, New Haven.

These sketches and stories have charm and refinement of a high order. They are written with delicacy of style and grace of diction, and in them will be found knowledge of human nature and sympathy with men and women, together with a fine, quietly expressed sense of humor.

Java Head. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $1.50.

There are strength and fine literary touch in Mr. Hergesheimer's new story. In the description of Salem in the old ship-building and ship-sailing era the attention to local color in depicting place and people is remarkable. The author has evidently made a minute and close study of sailors, ships, and the great ocean carrying trade now departed.

The novel has a singular theme. An impetuous ship captain brings back to Salem as his wife a Manchu lady of distinction. Nothing could fit less comfortably into the Salem social system. There is grim power in the tale of the pursuit of this Chinese woman of Oriental distinction by an opium-soaked and desperate man whose niece was the ship captain's first love. In the ending some readers will find too much of tensity and horror. Nevertheless the novel is forceful and skillfully wrought.

BIOGRAPHY

Eminent Victorians: Cardinal Manning—Florence Nightingale—Dr. Arnold—General Gordon. By Lytton Strachey. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

Brilliant. Perhaps too brilliant. Suggests to the reader that the author is more anxious to be brilliant than to be judicial. One wonders whether the contrast between Cardinal Manning's spiritual experiences and his ecclesiastical politics was in life quite so striking as in Mr. Strachey's picture. His four eminent Victorians were all profoundly religious characters, Florence Nightingale and General Gordon fanatically religious. Mr. Strachey is not profoundly religious, and sees the extravagances which appear on the surface more clearly than the spiritual motives which operate beneath. But he furnishes very fascinating, if somewhat misleading, reading.

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Fair Play for the Workers. By Percy Stickney Grant. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.60.

This volume by an Episcopal clergyman who has shown by his life his disinterested devotion to the welfare of the workers is admirable in its spirit, though not always accurate. We judge from its structure that it is composed of addresses delivered or

(Continued on page 171)

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